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THE

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2. A PASSING CLOUD. Engraved by R. WALLIS, from the Picture by J. C. HOOK, R.A., in the Collection of D. PRICE, Esq., Regent's Park.
3. PEVENSEY BAY, FROM CROWHURST PARK. Engraved by W. B. COOKE, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

PAGE	PAGE		
1. GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL. NO. VIII. KARL FRIEDRICH LASSING. BY J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON. Illustrated	261	10. THE RIVAL MUSEUMS:—THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON	261
2. CHURCH'S PICTURES OF COTOPAXI, CHIMBORAZO, &c.	265	11. FRENCH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1867	263
3. LOWTHER CASTLE	267	12. ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES	263
4. DEATH OF COLUMBUS. THE PICTURE BY BARON WAPPERS	268	13. ANGLO-FRENCH "SKILLED WORK" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE	264
5. "LIVERPOOL POTTERY AND CHINA." BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A. Illustrated	269	14. PEVENSEY BAY. THE PICTURE BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	264
6. ART-EXHIBITION AT ALTON TOWERS	274	15. MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:—AMELIA O'FAR. BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated	265
7. DOMESTICATED ANIMALS. Illustrated	276	16. ART-UNION OF LONDON:—EXHIBITION OF PRIZES	266
8. A PASSING CLOUD. THE PICTURE BY J. C. HOOK, R.A.	276	17. ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES	266
9. ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM. CHAPTER III. Illustrated	277	18. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	266
		19. REVIEWS	267

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. VIII.—KARL FRIEDRICH LESSING.

HE lives of Overbeck, Veit, Fürich, and others, have set forth the fervour of the Catholic faith; in contrast, the mission of the artist who now falls under our notice has been to enforce Protestant verities. It is sometimes questioned how far the Protestant phase of Christianity, which starts with negation in creed, and is content with a thin whitewash of ritual, can give to the Arts a sphere, or vouchsafe an inspiration. The testimony of history is certainly little in favour of Protestant claims. The grand churches known to Christendom, the cathedrals of Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, and the Abbey of Westminster, owe little, or rather nothing, to Protestant munificence. The matchless paintings of Italy, the works of Angelico, Perugino, Bartolomeo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, were executed under a faith as yet unreformed. And then, turning to what Protestantism

has actually accomplished for the Arts, are there not centuries and wide territories of space which, under Protestant sway, have been conspicuous only for sterility? What has Protestant England done for the Arts, at least until recent days, when Anglicanism was guilty of Romish proclivities? What boon did Knox in Scotland confer on architecture? What favour did the soldiers of Cromwell show to our cathedrals? And even in Germany, under the immediate sway of Luther and Calvin, it must be admitted that the works of Albert Durer and Lucas Cranach were hard, cold, and earthbound, in comparison with the ardent and imaginative creations of their heaven-wrapt Italian contemporaries. This line of argument, indeed, has proved to some minds so cogent, that artists, it is well known, both in this country and in Germany, have seen fit to forsake the Protestant worship in order to breathe an atmosphere and to live in a spirit which to the Arts might prove more vital. We have already, in preceding papers, seen how Overbeck, and others of his school, in blind devotion to so-called Christian Art, espoused a church said to be founded on a rock, but which shakes as if built upon the sands. We have also witnessed in the series of illustrations published in these pages, how the major portion of the subjects treated are committed to the Romish branch of the Church Universal. The writer of these papers, though he happens to hold to Protestantism as a system of religious independence and intellectual progression, wishes, in his function of Art-critic, to preserve strict impartiality. And thus, though anti-Romanist, he is bound to admit that sundry bastard forms of Protestantism have been as a blight and a bane upon the Arts. Hence it becomes an interesting question how far Lessing, sometimes accepted as the champion of Protestantism, has been able to obtain from that form of religion the spirit of inspiration.

In Germany, as in France and England, writers have alternately exalted the Art-capabilities of the two hostile creeds, of which Overbeck confessedly, and Lessing designedly or by accident, are the respective representatives. Ultramontane Montalembert, for example, is the eloquent champion of the mediæval and monastic Arts which the school of Overbeck has attempted to revive. Rio, again, expends no less ardour in his advocacy of a cause which seldom fails to enlist dilettante sympathies; this author is ever prostrate in the presence of Fra Angelico and Perugino, and in



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

HUGO PREACHING.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

every page he burns incense before pictures of the saints and Madonnas, which he worships as immaculate and divine. These two writers, Montalembert and Rio, ready on all occasions to rush into extremes, no sooner bestow benediction on the heads of artist devotees of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, than they launch anathemas into the midst of all times

and schools that come after. In somewhat the same strain also Mr. Ruskin, in the celebrated lectures delivered at Edinburgh, announced the startling fact that all painters prior to Raphael confessed Christ, and that all subsequent artists have denied Christ. Mr. Pugin, too, in vehemence tainted by virulence, ever and anon denounced as with righteous indignation all works



that were not the offspring of "the one true and apostolic Church," to which he himself had become a convert and devout bigot. So much then for the cause espoused by Overbeck. On the other hand, the side to which Lessing is, at least by his practice, committed, has not failed of defenders. Lady Morgan, as a prelude to the life and times of Salvator Rosa—one of the most masterly biographies with which we are acquainted—indulges in vituperation against so-called Catholic Art, and the uses, or rather the abuses, whereto it has been put. In like manner a French author, M. Coquerel Fils, in a volume entitled "Des Beaux Arts en Italie au point de vue religieux," submits the religious Arts and aesthetic rituals to the cold scrutiny of Protestant incredulity. M. Coquerel found in the gorgeous church ceremonies perpetrated in the Eternal City a religion false and an Art degraded; and he saw in this imposing pomp little in common with Gospel simplicity, little consonant with Jesus of Nazareth, the Man of sorrows, who had not where to lay His head. In Catholicism official, architectural, and pictorial, according to M. Coquerel, the essence of Christianity was absent. "Christian sentiment," continues this uncompromising critic, "Christian life, love, and duty, the dictates of strict conscience, and the emotions of a fervent heart, have no place in this official theology and dramatic worship. There is in these empty pageants nothing individual or sincere; all is vain show, coming from without, not emanating from within. Thus the heavens and the earth are

nothing more than a magnificent theatre, on the stage whereof the artist sets forth God and the Church." I shall not attempt to reconcile the conflicting claims and hostile strictures of these Protestant and Romish critics. But it may be safe, at all events, to assert that at least partial right and reason are alike on either side, and that, as usual, truth lies in the happy mean between the two extremes. At any rate, it is well that we should all hold to the blessed persuasion that beauty must stand in indissoluble union with truth and goodness, and that thus the phase of Christianity which is most true, and just, and lovely, is the one best adapted to noble Art-developments. For myself, I feel that under Roman Catholicism the Arts have suffered somewhat from superstition. And, on the other hand, I am equally convinced that Art has been chilled and stunted under a Protestantism which too often is unimaginative and unemotional. Thus the two several schools in which Overbeck and Lessing are victors or victims, sustain loss. It remains to be seen whether, in the approaching future, there shall not be evolved a religion at once natural and supernatural, the outpouring of, and the response to, imagination, affection, and reason, wherefrom a nobler Art shall spring than any the world has yet witnessed.

Lessing lived and laboured in the spirit of revolt. Born at Wurtemberg in the year 1808, he became, at the age of nineteen, a student in the Academy of Dusseldorf, then under the direction of Schadow. The school of Dusseldorf, as organised by Cornelius



DRAWN BY W. J. ALLEN.

HUSSE BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

and disciplined by Schadow, was in those days, if not precisely priest-ridden, at any rate given over to a sacerdotal and monastic Art. Its disciples walked obediently in the steps of the old masters, and the pictures which issued forth from its studios were expressly after prescriptive mediæval types. In the previous papers of the present series I have confessed to sympathies inclining towards the high Art which has thus been educed out of the master works of the middle ages. Yet it were absurd to suppose that the creative powers of the mind can be for ever circumscribed by narrow precedents set in ages of darkness and superstition; that the freedom of genius shall be for all time fettered by a Church against which some of the best intellects have rebelled; or that artists on whom the light of science and the liberty wrested by bold Biblical criticism have descended, shall be manacled in fetters which were grievous even to those who believed that in servitude they did God service. It was at this crisis, when things modern were ready for revolt against modes mediæval, that Lessing rose into power. Endowed with talents which could scarcely fail, under any circumstances, to win prominent position, possessed of energy and courage that promised to crown warfare in victory, he entered on a strife which had for its end the enfranchisement of the Arts. Opposition, of course, met him at the outset; it was not to be expected that the party in power would surrender without a struggle. The charges usually made in such cases were,

almost as a matter of routine, directed against Lessing and his coadjutors. It was easy to say that these men were infidels; that they were bound under a socialistic pact. The answer to such imputation is fortunately ready;—"by their fruits shall ye know them." The pictures which Lessing has bestowed upon the world are not the works of an irreligious scoffer; they are not indited in the spirit of levity; they do not set at nought things honourable and of good report. Such compositions as 'Huss Preaching,' 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' and 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' whatever umbrage they may give to certain powers that be, are, beyond doubt, of a purpose solemn, earnest, and sincere. Such works, indeed, when rightly considered, can scarcely be received as less religious than the paintings of Madonnas and saints, which too often have usurped, to the prejudice of pictures equally worthy, the privileged name of "Christian Art."

Lessing, as we have seen, has enlarged the frontiers of the once narrow and exclusive school of Dusseldorf. That school, which when he entered was Romish, when he left had become, in the best sense of the word, Catholic. Hence Lessing has been rightly deemed in his art among the chiefest of reformers. It was his fortune, as we have seen, to come upon the stage just at the situation when a bold stroke would probably bring upon the enemies of progress confusion and overthrow. Like other innovators, he was in advance of his time; yet was he made for his

time, and the time had been prepared for his coming. Kindred minds were ripe for revolt; the fuel was laid, the torch only waited to be lighted. Lessing rushed in among the withered and dead leaves of autumn, bearing in his hand a firebrand. He breathed revolution, and proclaimed the doctrines of an insurgent. His principles and his policy, in fact, are sufficiently manifest on the face of his pictures. The themes on which he habitually descended were the Reformation, of which Huss was the apostle and the martyr, the contests waged between emperors and popes, those conflicts which throughout history have been maintained between the Church and the State as champions respectively of the civil and the sacerdotal powers. It has thus been the privilege of Lessing to proclaim liberty to the captive, to assert the rights of conscience, and maintain freedom for the human intellect. That the Arts had from Roman Catholicism received culture and obtained high development, no one can possibly call in question. But under the continued progress and the changed aspect of civilisation, and especially under the enfranchisement of the

human mind, won by science, and by strength of intellect using for an instrument a free press, it became inevitable that the Arts should take on commensurate and advanced manifestations. History never repeats herself; nature never travels backwards; and so no art that is vital can stand still, or move only in retrogression. Lessing and his compatriots saw this; the time for action which should be, in fact, a reaction and a regeneration, had come. The figments of an artificial theology had to be swept away, and it remained to be proved whether in the truths of nature, and in the depths of the human soul ever illumined by beauty, there might not be found compensation and resource. I can never believe that error, however veiled or adorned, that untruth, however specious, that fallacies in Church, in State, or in the realms of intellect, can tend to the real or lasting welfare of any art which is worthy of man's regard. Therefore all honour to Lessing and those men, wherever found, who have boldness to break loose from traditions worse than dead, who possess that rational faith which can lay hold on the immutable principles which preceded



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

DEATH OF FREDERICK II.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

every historic church and creed—principles which, firm in essential truth, God Himself fixed as sure foundations.

I have chosen for illustration two pictures taken from the eventful and tragic history of Huss, the brave reformer of Bohemia. Huss, preceding Luther by more than a century, caught the first sparks of reformation from the fire which Wycliffe had kindled in England. In the pulpit, and even by the wayside, this bold protestor against the errors of Rome stood forth as the champion of liberty. Our first illustration exhibits the fiery Reformer in the very act of inciting his countrymen to rebellion against papal usurpation. Holding forth the cup of communion, he offers to the pilgrim, to the warrior, and the age-stricken, this sacrament of the blood shed for the solace of suffering and the remission of sins. The court of Rome naturally grew alarmed; and then began to gather the storm which, as a thunderbolt, before long fell on the head of its victim. The Archbishop of Prague commences hostile proceedings. Huss is cited into the presence of the pope, and the

summons he disdains to obey. At length approaches the final issue, which Lessing has chosen for his famous picture here engraved. The Council of Constance, one of the most important assemblies in the whole range of Church history, meets in the year 1414, and Huss is arraigned before it to answer for his schismatic conduct. We may now turn to the picture of Lessing in elucidation of the scene which ensued. Huss stands in the council chamber in the midst of assembled cardinals, bishops, and church dignitaries, one hand placed on his breast in asseveration of his faith, the other resting on an open volume, whereunto he appeals as to the law and the testimony. That voice and those persuasive truths which had incited the common people in the capital of Bohemia, have evidently taken cogent hold upon the judges seated in court of appeal. As we look at these reverend fathers, their heads swayed by weight of argument, we are reminded of that other judgment-seat before which the apostle of the Gentiles was summoned to answer for his life and

doctrine; "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." The Council of Constance, however, like Agricola, refused to be persuaded. Huss was condemned as a heretic, was publicly degraded from the priestly office, then consigned to the civil magistrate, and finally, by the order of the emperor, was burnt. The martyr died with a fortitude which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. The closing act in this direful tragedy, Lessing has made the subject of a well-known picture, 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre.' The bold nonconformist spirit of the painter is set forth by the temper of the scenes, into which he has thrown all the manly vigour of his mind. Lessing found in Huss a hero after his own heart. He has done well not to dissipate his powers, but to elaborate, as it were, a monograph on the noble theme of the Bohemian Reformation. Master works, such as 'Huss Preaching,' 'Huss before the Council of Constance,' and 'Huss at the Funeral Pyre,' leave a solemn impress on the age, and serve to consecrate the truths for which the martyr died.

The eventful reign of Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, is fertile in themes cognate with the genius of Lessing. Few of the monarchs who held a sceptre within the eras of Charlemagne and Napoleon, have made a more decisive mark on the page of history. Early in the thirteenth century—in that century which has been called the seedplot of European civilisation—Frederick was crowned Emperor of Germany at Aix-la-Chapelle. But an evil star rose on the destiny of Frederick; the Emperor fell under the displeasure of the Pope, was excommunicated, and his dominions were placed under interdict. This constitutes just that sort of catastrophe which Lessing loves to celebrate. Frederick, notwithstanding the curse that lay upon him, pushed forward the conquest of Palestine; he entered Jerusalem victor, yet had he to put the crown upon his own head, because no priest dared even to read mass. At length Innocent IV. pronounced against the emperor the most dreadful of anathemas: Frederick, deprived of all his honours and dignities, was denounced as a heretic, a perjurer, a peace-breaker, a robber of churches, and a profaner of sanctuaries; his subjects were released from their oath of allegiance, and whoso should remain faithful to the king was to fall under hopeless malediction. In this state death came upon the great Frederick, even as Lessing has depicted. There is grandeur and calm resignation of soul in the king, whom, at the age of fifty-six, the angel of death overtook in surprise. There seems to be a conflict of authority as to the manner of the great monarch's exit. Blind bigots of the Church write, "He died wretchedly, and went down to hell an excommunicated man." Dean Milman, however, in "The History of Latin Christianity," and Mr. Kington, in his faithful "Life of Frederick II., Emperor of the Romans," justify the reading which Lessing, in the picture we engrave, has adopted. Milman pronounces the excommunication to have been unjust; and Kington describes the monarch's deathbed as that of a man beloved, sustained by heaven, and honoured by earth's nobles. "A crowd of illustrious subjects," writes Kington, "stood around the Emperor's deathbed: first in rank was the Archbishop of Palermo," from whom Frederick received absolution. It is related that when the great king died an earthquake was felt in distant countries!

A painter vigorous, truth-seeking, and naturalistic as Lessing, might reasonably be supposed to find delight in nature's ways. Lessing, indeed, has been deemed by some persons greater as the painter of landscape than of history. His manner is that of the Dusseldorf school, which has seldom obtained favour in this country. The execution of that school is often heavy and clumsy, the colour is apt to be violent and even discordant, and the composition, when treating the fiords of Norway or the mountain lakes of Switzerland, is a little too grandiose for our simple English tastes. Lessing, however, is a man far too independent for servility to any mannerism, and accordingly his landscapes are distinguished by a method of their own. In the Gallery of Dusseldorf is a composition marked by the artist's usual decision of purpose. An invading army has set fire to a distant village, and soldiers are seen in advance through a neighbouring cornfield. The foreground scene is laid in a churchyard, where troops have already entrenched themselves. The sky is black and lowering, for a storm rages in the heavens as well as on the earth. When I visited the studio of Lessing some few years since, in Dusseldorf, I was interested in seeing the studies from which his landscapes were composed and elaborated. The walls were hung with detailed sketches of rocks and other foreground materials, and upon an easel stood a canvas on which the artist had systematically mapped out in outline the hills, the vallies, and the torrents, which were to act the parts of *dramatis personae* on the stage of the painter's feigned nature. All the landscapes I have seen by Lessing have been accentuated with predetermined purpose. The fixed and the forcible intent manifest in the artist's historic compositions speaks out scarcely less decisively and intelligibly in his portraiture of

inanimate nature, which thus becomes, as it were, vocal under his touch. Lessing endows his landscapes with a certain architectural symmetry and proportion; he throws together his masses with a sense of their weight; he metes out his materials with a hand that can adjust equilibrium; his rocks stand firmly, as if resting on the earth's deep foundations; and yet his clouds roll with motion grandly, and tell of the strife of restless elements. And herein we gladly recognise those supreme mental qualities which give to the old landscape painters of Italy their sway over the imagination. Gaspar Poussin, Claude, and Salvator Rosa, made nature more responsive to human sympathies; the storm-wind that raged through the forest spake of the passion which had rent the heart, and the placid sky of sunset Claude was like a vesper hymn softly soothing to benediction. Even landscape-painter, when he happens to have an intellect, will find ways to make that intellect felt; each detail, as in the pictures of Lessing, will tell its own story, and especially will the general effect strike some deep chord which vibrates to thought and emotion. There is a philosophy in landscape-painting of which the German intellect is cognizant; there is a poetry in landscape art wherein a mind such as that of Goethe, which, at a glance, saw at once by imagination and reason, is able to dilate; there is for the landscape-painter, scarcely less than for the painter of humanity, a subjective and inner system of metaphysics, which teaches that nature is thought projected into form, an idea clothed in colour and thrown into relief by light and shade. Lack of space prevents me from enlarging further on a line of speculation which, when curiously enunciated, must, I fear, seem incomprehensible, and sound as simply absurd. It is fortunate that the pictures of Lessing require no elaborate theory for their exposition or defence. They speak for themselves; they make appeal to the universal consciousness, and the public applauds, not caring to inquire the reason why.

The pictures of Lessing, among which we engrave three of the most characteristic, suggest general reflections which may serve us for conclusion. Two of these, elucidating the life of Huss, are, as we have said, expressly Protestant. Accordingly therein we may read the canons of Protestant faith, and discern the motives which the preacher of Scripture truths aroused in the breast of his hearers. We are sorry to say that Huss, when addressing the common people, comports himself as a fierce fanatic; we might have wished that Lessing could, compatibly with historic truth, have thrown into his hero Christian graces to adorn stern religious virtues. The bold reformer, however, when brought into the presence of his superiors assembled in council, carries himself decorously as becometh a gentleman. The point, however, on which I wish specially to insist is, that Lessing makes himself so completely part of his subject, that the life and spirit of Protestantism breathe from his vital canvases. The right of private judgment seems graven on every brow; conscience has set her seal on every heart; manly independence holds up a head which will bow to no authority save that of reason and of truth; earnest will has given fixed purpose to action; and thus the man, whoever he may be, whether Huss, or Frederick, as the champion for the rights which inhere to humanity, becomes thoroughly equipped in the warfare of life, and stands forth bravely to do his duty. Lessing, it will be seen, is a keen observer of character, an accurate student of physiognomy. He delineates human nature with a breadth which pertains to the species, and in a detail that distinguishes the individual. We recollect to have seen paraded in advertisements a book bearing the ultra-Protestant title, "The Individuality of the Individual." This individuality, sharply defined in outline, so separate in insular standing from its neighbour individuality, that the spectator can walk clean round it and view it on all sides, this "individuality of the individual," Lessing portrays. The artist's pictures thus conceived and elaborated, we accept for master-works of the human understanding, as defined and circumscribed in the philosophy of Locke,—keen, shrewd, and penetrating, supremely knowing in the wisdom of this world, yet not specially gifted with that wisdom which is from above. The conceptions of Lessing, in short, forcibly illustrate the distinction which German metaphysicians are fond of drawing between "the understanding" and "the pure reason." They are not like the creations of the early spiritual painters of Italy, outpourings of a Divine presence; they are not the outcomings of spiritual unction; they have more positive knowledge than intuition, more fact than imagination, more vigour than sensibility, more wise sagacity of the intellect than fine subtlety of soul. And this it is that gives to the works of Lessing their pre-eminent reality; this it is that endows them with strong power of appeal, and brings them in close correspondence with the pronounced and positive spirit of the age. Lessing's pictures are no unsubstantial visions, no feverish dreams, or ecstatic swoonings; they are real as life, true as nature, and manly as the grand historic characters they seek to honour.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

MR. CHURCH'S PICTURES.
COTOPAXI, CHIMBORAZO, AND THE
AURORA BOREALIS.
CONSIDERED ALSO WITH REFERENCE TO
ENGLISH ART.

THE remembrance of the pictures Mr. Church formerly sent to us for exhibition, gives no ordinary interest to the arrival of anything new by him; his subjects having hitherto been of the utmost novelty and magnificence, the choice of them singularly daring, and the treatment, of highly-wrought truthfulness, beauty, and splendour. The 'Heart of the Andes,' and the 'Iceberg' (the 'Niagara' we never saw), were comprehensive representations each of an entire class of noble scenery in nature, additionally valuable as being of subjects the most remote from us, and not merely extending our knowledge of the world we live in, but furnishing a delightful stimulus to the imagination, in the new forms of astonishing grandeur and loveliness with which they abound. The painter who displays so much talent and adventurous spirit in adding these subjects to his art, and then sends the results so far for our judgment, has, surely, particular claims on our attention; especially if, as we believe, they have peculiar merits which ought to put our own landscape painters very much on their mettle. Indeed, for our own part, we are haunted by the somewhat humiliating impression, that from the utmost excellence landscape art ever attained among us, this American alone is, in the highest qualities, continuous and progressive, whilst we, with regard to them, are forgetful, and have declined.

The three new pictures—briefly referred to in our last number—are of the same high and comprehensive kind as the former ones; two of them, 'Cotopaxi,' and 'Chimborazo,' being painted as pendants to the 'Heart of the Andes'; and a magnificent landscape triptic would they form together: the 'Chimborazo' hung on the left, for its expression of the tropical witchery of landscape, the Andean *beauty*; and the 'Cotopaxi' on the right, as especially representing the Andean *grandeur* and energy. For decision and magnificence of effect, this last picture is the most striking of the three. In contemplating it, you look down over a plain, of which the abrupt horizon stretching across the picture, not far beneath the peaks of mountains, creates the impression immediately of a great height above the sea. Far above all other crests, against the fair cool brightness of the morning, the volcanic cone ascends, itself pale with snow, and therefore in aspect of a spirit-like, mystical faintness; but not the less a most energetic fountain of dark smoke, which shoots up elately in forms of strange fantasy, till it grows light enough for the wind to spread it on one side all over the heavens in huge mountainous volumes, behind which the burning disc of the sun appears, new risen, glaring around with a lurid fiery light. The cone of the volcano seems to stand between day and night with a sublime abruptness. It is a grand and most daring conception. The partial influence of this glare—ruddily firing the smoke, dimly suffusing the distant heights, flashing across a lonely lake with a sulphurous intensity, and touching preciously into ruby the pale erupted cliffs close at hand—contrasted with the green and golden inequalities of the Paramo, or plain, left more to the serener light of morning, results in splendid oppositions and varieties of colour; to understand whose natural co-existence, and avoid

accusation of a want of atmospheric unity, it may be as well to bear in mind that there are here two opposite sources of tone, the lurid sun-fired pall of the volcano, and the serene morning, whose spray of silver dappled clouds you see shooting up behind its ruddy, loosely-hanging films, with marvellous beauty. Immediately at your feet yawns a chasm, filled with the fierce youth of some river, which, born in a cataract from the high-seated lake, boils up its smoke of spray with something of the spirit of the fumes of the great Cotopaxi. From its ghostly depths, it floats up into the light of a rosy loveliness, and even hints of the sunbows which perhaps would glitter out keenly ere long, did you tremendous fuming cease.

It is a scene of strange solemn magnificence; with, obviously, beyond compare, more deep and delicate truth in it than those dull, commonplace works which alone pass muster with dull, commonplace folk who never understand that Nature's mysteries and splendours are as much *facts* as the most prosaic every-day objects, as the very chairs they sit on. And in these vapours of various kinds, there are magical feats of the pencil, such as we cannot remember seeing equalled of late by our own painters, who, active as they also are in seeking out the more magnificent effects of nature, are apt to be dry, hard, and opaque, comparatively. We cannot recall in them anything of the kind so finely done as this transparency, or transpicuousness rather, looking through veils of smoke inflamed by the sun, upon the silvery eruptions of the dappled morning; or the pale mist and sultry haze lying before those huge heaps of earth-born darkness which the painter has rendered with no less aerial delicacy than grandeur. We here perceive that in the painting of aerial mystery, a chief element of beauty and sublimity in representing nature, Mr. Church has rare excellence. It is a most un-Pre-Raphaelite quality, which the comparatively crude opaque colouring characteristic of our painters fails to express. The execution of the foreground of this picture of Cotopaxi does not altogether please us. We think it somewhat commonplace, wanting in *style*; and the prismatic hues of the torrent-mist below seem too violent. Would not an austere paleness in that chasm have been grander? But all the distance is admirable, quite wonderful; and in the next picture the foreground is so excellent, as to prove that the defect in the 'Cotopaxi' is but temporary and partial, and therefore does not warrant any absolute judgment against the artist.

For his view of Chimborazo, the painter descends from the high Paramo, where the vegetation is almost treeless, to another climate, low on the banks of the river Guayaquil, amidst all the luxuriance of the tropical forest. Here are trees, gigantic, yet of a light grace, garlanded to the top with drooping parasites; old aristocrats of the woods overrun and borne down by a whole democracy of climbing plants; an infinite entanglement and confused embracement of sylvan greatness and loveliness, with undergrowth of wide-embowering grasses, and "the kings among grasses," beautiful bamboos, and tall, slender, patriarchal palms:—the palm, an undergrowth; for above luxuriate vigorously trees, which, though far higher than our monarchs of the wood, bear magnificent clusters of flowers. The painter hesitated much whether the chief of these, which, as we heard, blooms in violet and gold alternately, should flower on the present occasion, and decided (judi-

ciously, we think) that it should not. He feared to cloy us with splendour. It is a scene of wild, weird, Indian loveliness. The river flows by, all fresh and lively with mountain floods and rains, playing filmily with the reflections of these astonishing growths; a further winding being visible through a low wide arch in them. Yet we should scarcely like to remain there long; for all looks humid and hot, as if the place would, very likely, soon sweetly insinuate an ague, or marsh fever. A spur of the Andes, immediately above, shines forth, one low long ridge of golden light too splendid for this moist air below; but around it is a wide diffusion of transparent vapour, within which some higher peaks, flushed with rose tints, appear, or lose themselves in a delicate mystery of aerial colours of surpassing loveliness. One white cloud is stirring in the midst; a few tufts from it floating up, like a fairy pinnace on the airy sea, or like some dove-winged messenger of peace coming once more, perhaps—who knows? for the last time. But where is Chimborazo? Oh, it is far above, islanded in the soft blue of the upper heavens, above an expanse of thin sky-like vapour, like a dome of tender sunny cloud, a thing entirely pertaining to heaven, and having nothing whatever to do with earth, but to present it with an image of heavenly peace, an object to inspire heavenly fancies, and yearnings.

At length, here is the very painter Humboldt so longs for in his writings; the artist who, studying, not in our little hot-houses, but in Nature's great hot-house bounded by the tropics, with labour and large-thoughted particularity parallel to his own, should add a new and more magnificent kingdom of Nature to Art, and to our distinct knowledge. It is, indeed, a most lovely, enchanting landscape. And what a privilege to enjoy it, in town, seated unanxiously, exempt from the unhealthy influences apparent in the humid tone, the monstrous entomology, and all the other perils and privations of tropical misadventure; not parboiled in our own clothes, not invaded by the continual dropping into our hammocks of strange enormous insects of unknown powers, not mosquito-fevered. Looking around the usually empty room, we pitied the heedless unappreciative Londoners, who, indeed, neglect few things pleasant or beautiful which Fashion graciously points out to them, but else will not readily be moved, and so lose the mental refreshment, and the ventilation of fancy, that come from this.

To *criticise* is hardly necessary, wherever the delight itself already implies the existence of the artistic merits; for crudeness and want of truth are, of course, incompatible with such enjoyment on the part of any one experienced in the excellence of Nature and of Art; and we may, perhaps, be permitted to say that we have seen far too much of both, ever to be able to *dream* before bad painting, however beautiful the subject misrepresented. Nevertheless, for those who *need* criticism, it may be added that the composition is beautiful, the colouring glowing yet delicate, artistically subordinated to a limited point of supreme splendour, and the drawing playfully truthful to a most rare degree. One of our grounds for classing Mr. Church high amongst painters lies in his boundless resources in rendering the most multitudinous and varied details. His creative mind fertilizes his external impressions; for mere imitation can give but a few cut-and-dried specimens of such things. The infinites of foliage, especially, he has literally at his fingers' ends, drawing it with

most lively and graceful precision. He has, surely, the finest *running leafy hand*, the most un-Pre-Raphaelite. His fancy is not stifled by these countless parasites, but overruns them all, with the agility of a little monkey. Here his manipulation seems improved: none of our deftest hands could have touched off those palm-trees with more refinement of pencilling.*

The third picture, the last painted, the 'Aurora Borealis,' at first strikes the mind as but a mild Aurora. We once saw, in Portland Place, one not far less bright, so bright that at the moment we thought it fireworks at Chalk Farm; but it was a genuine Arctic coruscation. In the present picture, through a dim, clouded sky, over a promontory of North Labrador, which has been named after this painter, and over an ice-cumbered sea, in whose vast solitude the little barque seems locked, and the adventurous voyager and his dog-drawn sledge appear so small as almost to elude the eye, the soft rosy ray flits up quite gently, before the pale dying light of day. Disappointment in respect of brilliancy, however, is soon succeeded by appreciation of the more subdued and solemn treatment of the subject, which leads us to think, without much hesitation, that a *penisive* feeling is intended. These boreal flushings look, rather, like lonely aspirations, with more of tenderness than hope—a *rosy languishment* in solitude, remote from climes of warmth, and tenderness, and social joys, accompanied by palpitations of pale doubt and sadness; for so fancy, naturally enough, may interpret the colder, fainter rays, that shoot up beside the one warm, full-hearted gush of sanguinous brightness. These beautiously strange aerial phenomena are rendered with wonderful vividness and delicacy of feeling; the bluff masses of the wild lone promontory, too, are finely rounded; and, from the simplicity of the subject, and absence of hard-to-be-managed details, it is perhaps, as a whole, the most perfectly harmonious production of the three. Especially, it marks Mr. Church as an admirable colourist, in that high criterion, the refinement of his subdued and neutral tints, which are never monotonous and lifeless, but infinitely varied with beautuous gleamings and undertones, and often of exquisite quality. And in the more brilliant works, vigorous and splendid as is the colour, it is finely subordinated by gradations up to the one or two supreme flashes, with a variety and harmony, which prove unusually great resources in this element of his art.

So here are three graphic poems, awaking three different kinds of emotion; one

* Nevertheless, we have been told that some of our admired artists condemn the manner of these details, pronouncing the minute precision of the forms untrue. Looking at their own works, we are no way surprised at the opinion. Nature is multiform and many-sided; and looking at her with different eyes, we see in her different things, each observer discovering what he looks for, according to the bias of his own mind, and ignoring qualities diverse in character. Our present painters, having little perception of beauty of form, but more observance of general effects of light and shadow, probably see nothing but obscure intricacy, where an eye like Mr. Church's would trace out distinct and orderly shapes of loveliness, and systems of lines. Not, however, that we mean his minute details are perfect everywhere; those not quite in the foreground are perhaps in parts too distinctly spotty, or too precise a littleness; but the forms are always well understood, and easy and graceful in composition; and the object thus defined is itself interesting, and adds to our knowledge of tropical nature. Nor should it be forgotten that this painter's purpose is not merely to satisfy the abstract requirements of Art, but to add to our knowledge of a particular kind of landscape nature. The writer in the *Times* made a great mistake, and unfortunately ignored the poetry of this picture, in saying that Mr. Church's minuteness approaches *homeliness*, when its grace and beauty merit the contrary of that epithet. Minuteness has no necessary connection with it. We do not call the lesser parts of flowers and radiant insects *homely*.

ardently sublime, the second of the very fulness of beauty, and this, the third, pensively tender, pathetic. We would not disparage our own landscapists. Clever, industrious workers are countless among them; and many are endued with a gentleness and picturesqueness of feeling worthy of our sweet minor poets. Some colour vigorously, but make little of form; multitudes can imitate vividly separate objects, without combining them into an harmonious whole, far less into a result that touches the heights of feeling and imagination. The sense of beauty, the comprehensive creative energy of mind, are now wanting among us to effect anything parallel to the works of the higher order of poets, or of painters, and fulfil the conditions of the "grand heroic style of landscape painting," dwelt upon by the scientific philosopher, Humboldt, as the end to be desired. But here, we affirm, is a visit from one, who, to say the least, approaches far nearer to the fulfilment of those conditions. Here is one who can draw, can colour, can *air-tone*, can imitate, compose, and (oh, infinitely beyond all these *cons!*) can conceive, so nobly and comprehensively, that the result is, in some important respects, a further advancement of the epic style of landscape painting. Here is the only landscape painter who, in the *large sense*, can be said to have taken up the pencil of our great Raphael of Landscape, Turner—the only one who has similar perceptions of beauty, and similar creative powers, to raise him to the same high principles of Art. Nay, more, he is carrying on Turner's work where he left off, adding to the beauty and magnificence of the whole, greater precision and completeness of detail; so that, in place of the slurring of form, and numerous eyesores, the dreamy consciousness, with which we must content ourselves in contemplating Turner's foremost and most comprehensive works, the great picture here is made up of an infinity of little pictures, on which the eye can rest with a separate delight, each interwoven with the others; and, certainly, never did we see such completeness of detail, both in colour and form, in immense quantity and variety, united with a splendid, aerial, and poetical general effect.

There was much ridicule of Turner in his lifetime; but now we are humble enough, though not so much before his excellence as before his eloquent fame; yet with so little discrimination, that the prismatic manifestations of his dotage fetch preposterous prices, to the vexation of his intelligent admirers, who regret that others should be sophisticated as to his real merits by *having* to admire them. Meanwhile, comes from afar the work of his only true successor; and, with regret be it spoken, it receives so little attention, that they who have incurred the trouble and cost of doing that which might enrich us with a most valuable incentive in landscape art, and with a delightful enlargement of our impressions of nature, begin to consider it as, of necessity, their last attempt of the kind. Such would be a most poor conclusion. At least it was a handsome challenge. But the probabilities seem to be, that this excellence, of the very kind of which we fall short, will return so slightly honoured that we shall see its face no more; and the general admiration it wins in its own country will have some natural thoughts on our indifference. Thus may we lose an admirable and most well-timed lesson, and be left alone with our mediocrity. Individuals of high repute for intelligence have, we know, been thoroughly de-

lighted with these works; but artists ingrained in principles of a different kind, and the guides of public opinion, have been curiously inattentive to them; our public, generally, being so pre-occupied as to have little leisure for the discovery of merit which has not already the *entrée*. Moreover, perception of beauty, that indispensable great ground of artistic judgment, without which cold dry intellect, and science herself, lead but darkly astray, has, in consequence of our rigid matter-of-factness and dry utilitarianism, become wonderfully rare among us English. For the present, our very ideality seems to be ugliness; and when we quit the *commonplace*, it is for the *fantastical*. The heroines of our fancy are now-a-days neither of earth nor heaven, but rather mere phantasms of the limbo of vanity, there expiating heartless follies and vices. Witness the walls of our Academy. In our cold carelessness, and dearth of natural artistic perceptions, we have been much left to be sophisticated by phraseological critics, who would put us all in *aesthetic* go-carts, and wheel us where they please. They have descriptive powers, write charmingly, and tickle our sense of profundity with high-sounding dogmas and moral theories, which seem, indeed, plausible enough; but on comparing the description with the work described, we find, not unfrequently, that the eloquent and dainty phraseologist could not distinguish between ugly and handsome, valueless fact and vital truth, archaeology and imagination, good painting and bad; and when we meditate on the moral basis of his aesthetic theories, we find them, in all likelihood, something one-sided, ungenial, contracted, ascetic; their evil influence being indeed traceable in the falsely cramped and rigid lines of the pencils led by them. In thus making the objects of painting the mere symbols and ministers of a morbid, dainty, and fantastical morality, imagination, and ideal beauty have been sorely and sadly discountenanced by much dreary superficiality about truth, which has led to a mindless, servile imitation, in straitened bondage to the "letter" which ever kills. From our higher class of critics—pre-occupied profoundly in their own aesthetic circle, much attention to foreign works of an excellence scarcely in harmony with their previous teachings, is hardly to be expected. With regard to the writers of the daily press, their miscellaneous functions, and the little time they can reasonably be expected to devote to such a subject, prevent the hope of much instruction from that source; but on this occasion, their criticisms have turned out of the mould singularly ill. The *Daily News*, the foremost friend of the North during the late war, being of wide repute and influence on the other side the Atlantic, it was something specially unfortunate that its critique should be of the undiscriminating, and indeed absolutely *unseeing* sort. The writer announces that there is scarcely any expression of mystery in these paintings—nothing "allusive"; and then follows a strange puzzled objection that there is no *foreground*; as if the *foreground* in the Chimborazo, for instance, did not answer the purpose quite as well. In this paper there are some qualifying praises worthy of clever scene-painting; but the *Daily Telegraph* was absolutely contemptuous, naively condemning the Chimborazo for looking as if it had been painted in a hothouse, heedless of the simple fact that it was so prepared and studied—that is to say, in a tropical hothouse of a thousand leagues in extent, bounded by vast mountains and rivers.

The *Times*, as usual, gave a charming descriptive account of these pictures, obviously desiring to command them liberally and amiably; but even here nothing was said to lead to the anticipation of their rare refinement and poetical beauty. On the contrary, the minuteness in them, as remarked already, was wrongly associated with *homeliness*; and they were finally characterised as such works as might be expected from an American. Yet we scarcely think Americans can, for the present, be reasonably expected to paint landscapes more refined, more remarkable for the sense of beauty, than any of the works of our living landscapists. Generally speaking, these pictures have been praised by our critics in good average terms, yet treated as a sort of curiosities, creditable, very, for an American, but scarcely within the pale of legitimate Art. That is the opinion we especially desire to deny and confute. We have no doubt whatever that they are works of thoroughly legitimate, refined, *classical* Art, not perfect, it may be, but combining more of the elements of great landscape painting than anything we have of late ourselves produced; great in conception, brilliant in execution, and with a finer perception of the beautiful, a more tender and elevated poetical feeling, than have been displayed in this branch of the art since Turner.

W. P. BAYLEY.

LOWTHER CASTLE,
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

BORDERING the most delicious scenery of England, commanding views of its loftiest mountains and the most charming of its lakes, stands Lowther Castle, one of the seats of the Earl of Lonsdale. It is less, however, to the grandeur of its position, in picturesque Westmoreland, than to the contents of its Galleries, we direct the attention of our readers, although something must be said of the situation it occupies, for few of the Baronial Mansions of the Kingdom are so auspiciously located. From any of the terrace-walks, gracefully adorned by vases and statues, are seen the several mountain ranges of Westmoreland and Cumberland—Helsvellyn, Skiddaw, Saddleback, Crossfell, “High Street”* (on the heights of which runs the old Roman road, clearly discernible)—hiding among them, except where occasional passes afford glimpses, the romantic lakes of Ullswater, Haweswater, Derwentwater, Windermere, Rydal Water, and a score of minor sources of the numerous rivers, full of trout, that run in all directions through the highly-cultivated lands. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive a view at once so grand and so beautiful as that which the eye takes in from any of the more elevated points surrounding the Castle; while its interest will be largely enhanced by occasional sights of Druidic, Roman, and Danish remains—bearing the familiar names of “the Giant’s Cave,” “Long Meg and her Daughters,” “Arthur’s Round Table,” and others—abounding

* The High Street is a mountain of considerable bulk, which lies between Ullswater and Windermere, and forms a conspicuous object from some parts of the high road between those two lakes. It takes its name from the ancient Roman road, or street, which passes right over the top of it, an elevation of about 2,000 feet, on its way from Ambleside, the Roman *Alosa*, towards Penrith. Seen from a distance, the road forms a great streak of green up the side of the mountain, which produces a very singular effect. There is an annual festival held here by the peasantry, who on this occasion redress it, and thus keep it in the condition which so distinctly separates the road from the rest of the surface of the mountain.

among these border mountains; of Norman castles, some in ruins, others yet inhabited by lords of pure descent; of old “Peel towers,” and many other interesting objects.

The grounds that surround the Castle are duly cared for, the deer-park is of great extent, the lawns and gardens are richly planted; but there is one rare peculiarity—an avenue of venerable yew-trees, older even than the Lowthers, which, probably, furnished weapons for the fight at Hastings, but which certainly supplied them to those who

“Drew their sounding bows at Azincour.”

The Castle is not old, having been completed, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke, early in the present century. It is, in truth, as Wordsworth styles it, “majestic,” rising upon one of the hill slopes, and, as we have intimated, commanding on all sides views of the surrounding country, a very large proportion of which is the hereditary lordship of the Earl. Though by no means the “monarch of all he surveys”—for he can see lands some fifty miles from his threshold—he looks upon mountain, moor, and fell, upon lakes, and rivers, and rich pasture lands, upon farms, homesteads, and churches that are his—by no claim of conquest, or “forfeiture,” or as results of “speculations,” but by justly-gained and equitably-upheld rights, undisputed and indisputable at any period of the Shire’s history.

The Castle was ever famous for hospitality: among its frequent guests have been the great men of many epochs. Statesmen, philosophers, artists, men of letters and science, have here enjoyed brief intervals of rest from labour—among them, Scott, Rogers, Wilson, Southey, and Wordsworth. Southey commemorates not only its stately walls, pinnacles, and “embattled brow,” but its “hospitable halls.” From any point about it may be seen the mountains that look down on “Greta Hall,” where Southey lived so long and wrote imperishable works, and on the calm graveyard at Crosthwaite, where his mortal part is buried; the home of Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, in Grasmere valley, and the venerable church of Grasmere, beside which he was laid to rest; Elleray, the place in which Professor Wilson passed so many of his early and happy days; the house in which Arnold dwelt; that in which Mrs. Trollope lived, and that which is still the dwelling of Harriett Martineau. The list of those who have lived near and shared the hospitality of Lowther will be best understood, however, by the list we shall presently supply of Westmoreland Worthies; those of its fair neighbour, Cumberland, being also a host. The present earl has been renowned in public life. As Lord Lowther he filled some of the higher offices of state: from 1828 to 1830, he was chief of the Woods and Forests; from 1834 to 1835, President of the Board of Trade; from 1841 to 1845, Postmaster-General; and he has also held the high office of President of the Council. He has, however, resigned all public employment—devoting his time to agricultural and engineering pursuits—converting barren moors into arable land, and turning idle wastes into profitable farms: setting, indeed, an example of a good landlord at home—an example which, happily, many follow.

The Earl has, however, given much of his leisure to Art; and it is to this subject our notes on Lowther will, mainly, have reference, for when wealth and rank combine to collect and preserve the Art-products of

many eras, it is a pleasant duty to make known the results that may teach and gratify—that have taught and gratified—hundreds of thousands.

Passing through a wide and lofty hall, containing many effigies of knights in armour—armour that has been tested in many a *melée*—and banners of various countries and epochs, we turn into the Library, full of rare and curious books—the more valuable of these appertain to the histories of the two shires. On the walls hang the “family portraits” from that of Sir John Lowther, painted in 1657, to that of the present earl in early life;* then, passing along a corridor—the sides whereof are lined with busts and portraits—we reach the gallery of “Westmoreland Worthies,” a somewhat original, and certainly a wise, idea; for, in time, we shall here see the outward semblances of those who have conferred honour on their native county from a very early period down to our own time. At present the Gallery contains thirty portraits.

The collection cannot fail to excite deep interest, not only in those who are natives of the county, but as a record of so many who are renowned in the history of England. We print the list:—

KATELYN PARR. The mouldering ruins of Kendal Castle mark the birthplace of this lady, wife of Henry VIII., and first Protestant Queen of England.

CHRISTOPHER BAYNERROS. Cardinal of St. Praxede, Legate to the court of Rome, Archbishop of York, Master of the Rolls, &c. 1460-1514.

GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of Cumberland. SIR GERARD LOWTHER, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland.

MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOHN, FIRST VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

HON. JUSTICE WILSON.

SIR ALAN CHAMBER.

DOCTOR BURN, LL.D., the historian of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the author of the “Justice of the Peace,” a work on ecclesiastical law.

LORD LANGDALE.

ALDERMAN THOMPSON, Lord Mayor of London. SIR GEORGE FLEMING, Bishop of Carlisle.

GIBSON, Bishop of London.

JOHN BELL, the celebrated Chancery barrister.

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE, author of the “English Gentleman,” &c.

DEAN ADDISON.

DOCTOR SHAW.

WAUGH, Bishop of Carlisle.

DUKE OF WHARTON.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES RICHARDSON.

JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D.

WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff.

BERNARD GILPIN.

GENERAL BOWSER.

JOHN ROBINSON, Esq., Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests. In his hand he holds a “Report of Acorns planted in and about Windsor Great Park,” &c. Total, 11,225,000, between the years 1718 and 1801.

ADMIRAL PEARSON, whose memorable combat with Paul Jones is recorded in Atkinson’s “Worthies of Westmoreland.”

THOMAS BARLOW.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, Sir Jas. Williamson wrote to this extraordinary woman to induce her to return a *court* candidate for the borough of Appleby, and received the following answer:—“Sir—I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan’t stand.”

DOCTOR FOTHERGILL. A portrait of Hogarth hangs in the collection,

* For the information of Mr. Peter Cunningham we should state that two of the portraits are from the pencil of Sir Peter Lely; they are not mentioned in his list of the paintings by that master; but Mr. Cunningham expresses a desire to obtain knowledge concerning these of the existence of which he is not aware.

his ancestors having been natives of Westmoreland.

Passing through the suite of rooms—the drawing-rooms, breakfast-room, billiard-room, &c. &c.—we occupy much time, for the walls hold a very large number of the very finest works of the old masters.* Four of the best productions of Teniers are here; here are admirable specimens of Rubens and Vandyck, three by Ostade, four by Wouverman, three by Gerard Douw, one by Jan Steen, one by Frank Hals, one by Bonafaccio, one by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Murillo, several by Salvator Rosa, several by Brueghel; landscapes by Ruydesael, Gasper Poussin, Paul Brill, Zuccarelli, Swaneveldt, &c.; a large collection of the works of William Vandervelde, and some good specimens of Backhuysen; 'St. Francis,' by Guido; 'The Palmister,' and 'Soldiers throwing Dice,' Pietro da Vecchia; 'Magdalen in the Desert,' Tintoretto, and two fine pictures by Bassano. The collection includes also works by Holbein, Cartona, Valentino, Borgognone, Fyt, Bronzino, Giorgione, Cuyp, &c. &c., as well as 'modern portraits' by Lawrence, Opie, Jackson, Beechey, Hopner, &c.

But to give a complete list of the paintings in the Castle would far exceed our limits. The earl is building—has, indeed, nearly completed—a new gallery, which is destined to receive "gatherings" from his other mansions. Some large pictures by Snyders, belonging to the Lowther family, will then be added to the collection, with magnificent works by Titian, Claudio, Guido, &c., and a few modern pictures of note by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, &c.

In this Gallery will also be hung no fewer than seventeen of the works of Hogarth, collected by the Earl with great industry; and chosen not only for their intrinsic worth, but in homage to the memory of the painter, whose father was a native of Westmoreland, and who is therefore, as we have said, included among the Worthies of Westmoreland.

But the great attraction of Lowther Castle is even less in its collection of paintings than in its examples of ancient sculpture, contained in two spacious and admirably-constructed galleries. Passing a room devoted to Roman antiquities, many of which were found in the neighbourhood—at Kirkby Thore, at old Penrith, and at the famous Roman wall—we enter THE EAST GALLERY. It is impossible to enumerate the whole of its contents; a few of the works, of more surpassing merit, we may, however, mention:

1. A statue of Hygeia, from the Beasborough Collection. A very beautiful work of pure Art, originally from the Capitol.

2. Venus, from the Stowe Collection. An exquisite torso (unhappily restored), undoubtedly an example of the purest Greek, of an age "when Art was a religion." It has been attributed, and with reason, to Praxiteles; and it is believed to have stood in the Temple of Cnidus; that it is the work alluded to by Lucian and Pliny as "one of the triumphs of Greek Art; a belief which obtains force with all Art-lovers by whom it has been seen.

3. A statue of Diana, of exceeding grace and beauty.

4. A statue of Julius Caesar, half life-size, having the easily-recognised type of the "foremost man of all this world."

* There are no doubt persons who possess portraits of other Worthies of Westmoreland, who will gladly aid the Earl in his desire to render this singularly interesting gallery complete. Of two interesting personages connected with the County of Westmoreland no trace of a likeness can be found, viz., Sir Hugh de Lowther, Attorney-General to Edward I., and Pilkington, Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Richard II.

5. A fragment, or rather, the upper half of a sitting, female figure, draped, imported into England by Lord Guildford, and the only specimen brought home by him. It is a fine work, certainly a production of the best era of Greece; and although but a portion of a majestic yet tender creation of the sculptor's fancy, it is of great worth.

6. Statue of Agrippina, from the Stowe Collection. A production of rare excellence.

7. Torso of a Venus, from the Collection of the Marquis of Hertford. A work of refined delicacy, yet exhibiting intense power.

8. A statue of Bacchus, a relic of great worth.

Besides these, there are busts of Marcus Aurelius, Augustus, Galba, Pompeius, Diana, Seneca, Julius Caesar, Sylla, Agrippina, Nero, and others, undoubtedly the productions of the several periods to which they refer. There are also in this gallery two Corinthian pillars, "formerly in Westminster Abbey," and two sarcophagi, one of which is exquisitely carved with high reliefs, representing cupids hunting wild animals.

THE WEST GALLERY,—generally known as the "Gallery of the Caesars," containing some excellent busts, particularly that of Vespasian, which adorned the library of Edmund Burke,—although not so rich as the East, being chiefly occupied with Roman busts, contains two or three sculptures of great beauty and value. Foremost among these are statues of Cybelle and Paris. Here, however, is an unique and very curious work, the "Olympian Meta." An inscription informs us that "this rare relic of ancient Greek Art was brought from Greece by the Emperor Nero, and placed in the circus at Rome. It was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, and was formerly in his collection." In the vestibule leading to this gallery is a mosaic bearing the following inscription:—"This mosaic, containing 20,000 siliceous pebbles, is the work of Sosus Pergami, who flourished 320 years before Christ, and is mentioned in the writings of the elder Pliny. Discovered in the ruins of the Palace of Pope Leo the 12th, at Villa Chichignola. Presented by Pope Gregory the 16th to Sir Edward Thomason, in the year 1832." This singular work, which represents fishes, is not in size above two feet by eighteen inches.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, although we have directed attention to many of the Art-treasures in Lowther Castle, there are a vast number we cannot name: to enumerate and describe all would, indeed, be to fill pages, and not columns, of the *Art-Journal*.

We have shown that in one of the noblest of the many "stately homes of England," standing among its own "ancestral trees," wealth and taste have combined to accord to Art its due reverence, and to artists ample honour. It has been a rare treat to visit such a house; and it is a privilege, as well as a duty, to express gratitude for enjoyment thus received: we received it as one of "the public"—for the public are freely admitted to all parts of the castle and grounds. There may not be many visitors who can so thoroughly, as we can, appreciate the value of this boon; but the locality is of advanced intelligence, and there are thousands of Tourists who annually visit the English Lakes. This open house of Art may add immensely to the enjoyment derivable from the lavish wealth with which Nature has endowed the all-beautiful district.

The Earl of Lonsdale may be able to form some estimate of the numbers to whom his liberality thus gives pleasure. It would be more difficult to calculate to how many he conveys instruction; and who shall say how far his Art-galleries may lay the foundation of that Art-power which shall hereafter supply additions to his Gallery of Worthies of Westmoreland?

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST.

THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

Baron Wappers, Painter. D. Devacher, Engraver. WASHINGTON IRVING, in his admirably-written life of the great trans-Atlantic discoverer, has said nothing in support of the treatment we find in this picture; but his remarks on the closing scene of Columbus's life are so finely and truly expressed, that we cannot do better than introduce them here:—"In the meantime, the cares and troubles of Columbus were drawing to a close. The momentary fire which had recently reanimated him soon expired, quenched by his accumulating infirmities. Immediately after the departure of the *adelantado*—the brother of Columbus who held that title—"his illness increased in violence. His last voyage had shattered beyond repair a frame already worn and wasted by a life of hardship; and, since his return, a series of anxieties had robbed him of that sweet repose so necessary to recruit the weariness and debility of age. The cold ingratitude of his sovereign had chilled his heart. The continued suspension of his honours, and the enmity and defamation he experienced at every turn, seemed to have thrown a deep shadow over that glory which had been the great object of his ambition. This shadow, it is true, could be but of transient duration; but it is difficult for the most illustrious man to look beyond the present cloud, which may obscure his fame, and anticipate its permanent lustre in the admiration of posterity. . . . Having thus scrupulously attended to all the claims of affection, loyalty, and justice upon earth, Columbus turned his thoughts to heaven; and having received the holy sacrament, and performed all the pious offices of a devout Christian, he expired, with great resignation, on the day of the Ascension, the 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. His last words were:—*In manus tuas, Domine, commendō spiritum meum.*"

As the biographers of Columbus are tolerably numerous, it is probable the painter has found in some one of their writings such a record of the last moments of this great man as justifies the scene here depicted. By the bed-side of the death-stricken veteran, whom hardships and perils by land and sea, grief and wrongs, had done more to lay low than the infirmities usually accompanying advanced years, sits a much younger man, possibly his son Diego, to whom Irving says, in the chapter describing the death of Columbus, "he gave much advice as to the conduct of his affairs." In front of the former is a large chest, from which a strong chain has been partially drawn out. This may be assumed to have formed a portion of the fetters with which his king, Ferdinand, had ordered him to be bound six years before, when he was arrested in Hispaniola, and carried captive to Spain. The officers who had him in charge would have released him from this degradation, but Columbus proudly said, "I will wear them till the king orders otherwise, and will preserve them as memorials of his gratitude." They were afterwards kept in his cabinet, and he requested they should be buried in his grave. After all, those iron links may form the key-stone on which Baron Wappers intended his treatment of the subject should rest, and he could not have invented one more strikingly touching and beautiful.

"LIVERPOOL POTTERY AND CHINA."

A NOTICE OF RICHARD CHAFFERS AND HIS CHINA; THE PENNINGTONS; THE HERCULANEUM WORKS, ETC. ETC.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

ONE of the most noted men connected with the ceramic art in Liverpool was Richard Chaffers, who made great advances in that art, and to whom his native town owed the introduction of the manufacture of china. He was a man of energetic character, a good chemist, possessed of sound taste, and highly accomplished. His family, who were shipwrights, had been settled in Liverpool, I believe, for several generations, and were people of some note in that business.

Richard Chaffers, the son of a shipwright of considerable eminence and means, was born in Mersey Street, Liverpool, in the year 1731, one year only after the birth of Josiah Wedgwood, and was apprenticed to Mr. Alderman Shaw, the Delft ware potter, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter. About the year 1752 he commenced business on his own account, for which purpose he took, or erected, some small works on the north side, and nearly at the bottom of, Shaw's Brow, where he began making the ordinary kind of Delft ware of the period, the same as he had learned to manufacture during his apprenticeship. These productions he, as well as the other makers in Liverpool, in great measure exported to

what were then our American colonies, now the United States of America. In the manufacture of this ordinary blue and white ware—the staple of the trade as it then existed—Chaffers continued for some years actively employed. From the Delft ware Chaffers passed on to the manufacture of fine white earthenware, and produced an excellent body, and an almost faultless glaze. The rapid strides which Wedgwood was making in the art served as a strong incentive to Richard Chaffers, and he determined to go on improving until his productions should equal those of his great rival. In this, of course, he did not succeed, but he did succeed in making the pottery of Liverpool better than that of most localities. A dated, though not very early, example of Chaffers's make, is fortunately in the possession of Mr. Mayer, and

Strange, his eldest son, and other men of consequence in our county, to some of the leading landowners in Cornwall, then attending their duties in Parliament.

"In those days there were no mail-coaches and railways to aid the weary traveller. A stout horse was the only means of conveyance for a man of the higher class. Imagine Mr. Chaffers, having taken leave of his wife, and his numerous family and friends, mounted with a pair of saddle-bags under him, containing a supply of linen, &c., a thousand guineas—the first instalment to pay the wages of the miners—a brace of pistols in his holsters, pursuing his journey to London. He had made considerable progress in practical geology, though the science was then but little cultivated. Having, during his stay in London, obtained permission to bore for soap-rock from more than one of the principal proprietors of mountain land he judged most likely to yield it, he proceeded to Cornwall, and commenced operations. His first efforts were not successful. He moved to another quarter with no better result; in a word, he expended large sums of money without finding the wished for vein. Somewhat disheartened but not subdued, he determined to return home, where his presence was much wanted. He did not, however, intend to abandon, but only suspend, his operations. He accordingly assembled all the miners in his employ, and announced to them, to their great regret, his determination. Previously to his departure, he scrupulously paid every man his wages. One of them was missing; he was told the man in question was gone up the mountain to try another place. He then left that man's wages in the hands of the 'captain of the gang,' and, mounting his horse with a heavy heart, took leave of the men, to whom his animated and conciliatory manners had greatly endeared him.

"The road to the nearest town, the name of which I never could learn, was precipitous and rugged. A traveller on horseback made so little progress, that a mountaineer on foot, by taking a short cut over the rocky crags, could easily come within earshot of him. After journeying for some time, he thought he heard a faint cry in the distance; he dismounted, and, ascending a hill, plainly saw the signal of discovery flying from a lofty peak. It appeared that the man who had separated from his fellow-miners, and pursued his researches alone, had discovered a vein, and finding Mr. Chaffers had left them, he hoisted the preconcerted signal, and pursued him across the mountain with the pleasing intelligence, shouting at times to attract the somewhat dispirited traveller's attention. Mr. Chaffers immediately returned, took the whole gang into permanent employment, and obtained an ample supply of the long-sought-for clay, which was conveyed to the nearest port, and shipped thence to Liverpool. On its arrival the vessel entered with its precious freight into the Old Dock, dressed in colours, amidst the cheers of the assembled spectators.

"During his absence, Mr. Chaffers had regularly corresponded with his wife, but on his arrival in London, on his return home, the continued fatigue he had endured, together with anxiety of mind, brought on a dangerous fever, under which he laboured for several weeks. He was unknown at the inn where he stayed; but the landlord, seeing that his guest—a very handsome man—had the dress and demeanour of a gentleman, called in an eminent physician, who sedulously and skilfully attended his patient. The doctor examined his saddle-



is here engraved. It is, as will be seen, "a pepper-box of the hour-glass shape," painted in blue on a white ground, with a chequered border at top and bottom, and the name,

Richard Chaffers 1769

round the waist. "So well known was the ware of Mr. Chaffers in the American colonies," says Mr. Mayer, "that it was a common saying of a person that was angry, that 'He's as hot as Dick's pepper-box,' alluding to those made by Mr. Chaffers, who exported a very large portion of his manufacture to the then English colonies." But for this authority, I should have been disposed to call this interesting object a pounce-box or pounce-pot, and to suggest that it had been made and painted with his name and date so prominently, for use on his own desk. Be this as it may, the piece is one of exceeding interest, as being an undoubted early specimen of Chaffers's work, and as bearing the date of its manufacture. This box, or pot has, it is well to note, remained in the family of its maker until the last few years, when it was presented to Mr. Mayer by the grandson of Richard Chaffers, Mr. John Rosson.

In 1754 or 1755 William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, as I have already shown in my account of those works, discovered the "moor stone, or growan stone, and growan clay"—two important materials in the manufacture of china—in Cornwall, and in 1768 he took out his patent for the manufacture of porcelain from those materials. Chaffers having determined upon prosecuting researches into the nature of china ware, and of endeavouring to produce it at Liverpool, entered into a series of experiments, but finding that the "soap-stone" was essential for his purpose, and that the district where it was found was held by lease for its production, so as to keep the monopoly of its use to Cookworthy and those whom he might supply with it, he determined to try and seek the stone in a fresh locality. About this time a Mr. Podmore, who had

for some years been employed by Josiah Wedgwood, and who was a good practical potter, and a man of sound judgment, left Wedgwood's employment, intending to emigrate to America, and establish himself as a potter in that country. To this end he went to Liverpool, intending thence to embark for the colony. On reaching Liverpool, he called upon Mr. Chaffers, who was then the leading man in the trade at that place, and the result of their meeting was, that Mr. Chaffers finding Podmore to be a man of "so much intelligence and practical knowledge, induced him, by a most liberal offer, to forego his American project, and enter into his service." This Podmore entirely confirmed the views of his new master as to the importance of getting a supply of the Cornish materials, and the two practical men together soon effected improvements in the then manufacture of earthenware, and laid their plans for future operations. Of the manner in which Chaffers set about his search, and the successful results at which he arrived, Mr. Mayer gives the following graphic account:

"Mr. Chaffers's object now was to come into the field with Staffordshire *pari materia*, if I may be allowed that play upon words. He therefore determined to set out for Cornwall upon the forlorn hope of discovering a vein of soap-rock. The operations would be most expensive and laborious, somewhat akin to the process of boring for coal in our country. But where was he to begin? On whose estate was it to be found? What description of men was he to employ? He was, however, in the prime of manhood, of untiring energy, of fine address, and, what was then necessary, an excellent horseman. He obtained letters of introduction from the Earl of Derby, Lord

bags, and having ascertained his name and address from the letters and papers therein, communicated to his anxious wife all the particulars of his illness, and concluded with the consoling intelligence that 'he could that day pronounce him out of danger.' As soon as he could travel, he delighted his family and friends with his presence in Liverpool.

"No sooner had Mr. Chaffers arrived at home, than he set to work with his new materials, and soon produced articles that gained him much reputation, as was frankly acknowledged by the great Wedgwood, to whom Mr. Chaffers presented a tea-set of his china-ware, and who, on looking at one of the cups, admiring the body and examining the colours used in decoration, exclaimed, 'This puts an end to the battle. Mr. Chaffers beats us all in his colours and with his knowledge; he can make colours for two guineas, which I cannot produce so good for five!'"

William Cookworthy, as I have said, discovered the Cornish stone about the year 1754 or 1755, and Richard Chaffers must soon afterwards have prosecuted his researches in the same direction, for in December, 1756, we find him making his "porcelain or china ware" in considerable quantities, both for home sale and for exportation. This is shown by the evidence of Williamson's *Liverpool Advertiser and Mercantile Register* for the 10th of December, 1756, in which the following advertisement, discovered by Mr. Mayer, occurs:—

"Chaffers and Co., China Manufactory.—The porcelain or china ware made by Messrs. Richard Chaffers & Co., is sold nowhere in the town, but at the manufactory on Shaw's Brow. Considerable abatement for exportation, and to all wholesale dealers. N.B.—All the ware is proved with boiling water before it is exposed for sale."

Liverpool may therefore boast of producing its china in 1756, if not in 1755, which is an early date in the annals of English porcelain manufacture. Not only, however, in this year did Richard Chaffers and Co. make china-ware, but another firm, that of William Reid & Co., held at the same time, as I shall presently show, the "Liverpool China Manufactory," where they produced blue and white ware in considerable quantities.

Of the "china ware" made by Richard Chaffers, Mr. Mayer possesses some excellent examples. They are unmarked, but have remained in the possession of the family until of late years, when they passed from Chaffers's descendant to their present owner. They are, therefore, well authenticated. One of these is the cup here engraved. It is, of course, of "hard



paste," and is of remarkably compact and excellent texture. It is painted, after the Indian style, with figure and landscape of good and rich colours, and is faultless in

manipulation and in its glaze. Examples of Chaffers's china are of exceeding rarity, but Mr. Mayer is fortunate in possessing among other specimens ascribed to him, a fine jug, bearing in front a portrait of Frederick the Great, with trophies of war on either side. This jug has the peculiarity of being painted inside as well as out. At the bottom, inside, is the Prussian Eagle in a border; in the spout is a trophy, and all around the inside of the vessel roses and other flowers are spangled about.

Chaffers carried on his works for some years, making both earthenware and china—the former largely, the latter but to a limited extent—but was suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness, and at an early age. It appears that Podmore, his foreman, being seized with a malignant fever, and beyond hope of recovery, sent a message to Chaffers, expressing "his wish to see his dear master once more before their final separation." With this request Mr. Chaffers, who was a man of full and sanguine habit, most kindly but unfortunately complied, and at once visited the sufferer. The consequence was he took the fever, and soon afterwards died, and master and servant were interred near to each other in St. Nicholas's churchyard. "This unfortunate event, by taking away both master and principal assistant, put an end to the prosecution of the trade, and was the commencement of the breaking up of that branch of the art which Mr. Chaffers had mainly brought to such a high state of perfection. A great number of the potters ultimately emigrated to America, whilst many of the best hands transferred themselves to the service of Mr. Wedgwood, or were hired by other Staffordshire manufacturers."

About the year 1753 or 1754, I believe, works were established in Liverpool by a Mr. WILLIAM REID, who afterwards took a partner and conducted his business under the style of Reid & Co. These works, in 1756, were called "the Liverpool China Manufactory." In that year Messrs. Reid and Co. opened a warehouse in Castle Street, as is shown by the following announcement in Williamson's *Liverpool Advertiser* of November 19, 1756:—

"Liverpool China Manufactory.—Messrs. Reid & Co., proprietors of the China Manufactory, have opened their warehouse in Castle Street, and sell all kinds of blue and white china ware, not inferior to any make in England, both wholesale and retail. Samples sent to any gentlemen or ladies in the country who will pay carriage. Good allowance for shopkeepers and exporters."

In 1758, Messrs. Reid & Co. removed their warehouse to the top of Castle Hey, where, having largely increased their business, they occupied much more extensive premises. In the same year they were found advertising for apprentices for the painters in the china manufactory. In 1760, again, the works appear to have considerably increased, and "several apprentices for the china work" were advertised for, as well as "a sober, careful man, who understands sorting and packing of ware and merchants' accounts." Messrs. Reid & Co. continued in business many years, and produced, besides their "china ware," a considerable quantity of the ordinary blue and white earthenware, most of which was exported.

Another of the principal manufacturers of Liverpool pottery was SETH PENNINGTON, of whose works, as well as those of his two brothers, a few words may well be here introduced. Of the Penningtons, three brothers were potters, and each had separate works. Their names were James,

John, and Seth, and they were sons of John Pennington, a maltster, by his wife, formerly a Mrs. Johnson, of Everton. JAMES PENNINGTON, the eldest, had his works on Copperas Hill, but produced only the commoner varieties of ware, and being dissipated, and having done his youngest brother a serious injury by divulging a secret in the mixing of colour, he removed to Worcester, where he obtained employment, and where, at a later period, one of his sons painted a fine dinner service for the Duke of York.

JOHN PENNINGTON, the second son, had his pot-works at Upper Islington, which he carried on for some time. Ultimately he sold the concern to a Mr. Wolf, "who being a scientific man, made great improvements in the ware, but ultimately finding it did not answer, as the Staffordshire potters were making such rapid strides towards monopolising the whole trade, he gave up the manufacture, and the works were closed, never to be resumed."

SETH PENNINGTON, the youngest of the three brothers, it appears, had his pot-works in that nest of potters, Shaw's Brow. His factories were very large, extending as far as Clayton Street, and were conducted with much spirit. At these works, Seth Pennington, besides the ordinary classes of earthenware then in use, and which he produced in large quantities both for home consumption and for exportation, made a remarkably fine kind of ware that successfully competed, for vases and beakers, with the oriental, both in its colour, its glaze, and its decoration. He also produced many remarkably large and fine punch-bowls both in Delft ware, in fine earthenware, and, latterly, in china. The largest size bowl I have met with was made by Pennington, at these works, and is here shown. This fine bowl, which is 20½ inches



in diameter and 9 inches in height, is painted in blue on the usual white ground. Outside it is decorated with a landscape with two bridges in the foreground, on which men are standing to fish, trees, houses, church, &c. &c. Inside the upper part of the bowl is decorated with a series of six trophies, composed of flags, swords, cannon, drums, trumpets, spears, &c., divided from each other by different kinds of shot, viz., chain, crescent, arrow or triangle shell with

fusee burning, cross or bar, and grape. In the centre, and filling up the inside of the bowl, with the exception of the border, is a group of ships and boats on the water, with the inscription beneath it—

Success to the Africa Trade,
George Dickinson.

This bowl was painted probably about the year 1760—70 by John Robinson, who was apprenticed, and afterwards employed, at Pennington's works. Robinson subsequently removed into Staffordshire, and ultimately presented the bowl to the Potteries Mechanics' Institution at Hanley, where it is now carefully preserved along with his note—"John Robinson, a pot painter, served his time at Pennington's, in Shaw's Brow, and there painted this punch-bowl." Several other bowls of Pennington's make are in Mr. Mayer's, and other collections.

Of these, two of the finest are dated. One bears on its outside a design of trees, birds, and butterflies, painted in yellow and green, and on its inside a ship in full sail, with the words, "Success to the Monmouth, 1760." The other has on the outside a soldier and a sailor, one of whom is seated on the stock of an anchor, and holding in one hand a sword, and in the other a punch-bowl; and the other sitting, Bacchus-like, astride a barrel. Between them is a chest, bearing the words "Spanish gold;" while inside the bowl is a painting of a ship in full sail, with the words, "1779. Success to the Isabella." Of the fine earthenware vases and beakers to which I have just alluded, some remarkably fine examples are preserved in Mr. Mayer's museum; others are in the Bateman museum, and other collections. Of these I give the following illustrations. They form part of a

blue—Pennington had succeeded in beating all his competitors, and it is said that a Staffordshire manufacturer offered him a thousand guineas for his recipe. This he refused, "as it was a source of great profit to him, being kept so secret that none ever mixed the colours but himself." His brother James, however, whom I have spoken of as being a dissipated man, persuaded him to tell him his secret, and soon afterwards, in one of his drunken bouts, told it to a pot-companion, who at once sold it to the Staffordshire house, and thus did Pennington a grievous injury. Seth Pennington took into partnership a Mr. Port, but the connection was not of long duration. Having turned his attention to the manufacture of china, he produced some excellent services and other pieces in that material. In china * he also produced punch-bowls, as well as services. Pennington is said to have used the following marks—

P P

A view of a part of Pennington's works is given in Herdman's "Ancient Liverpool," and is also shown on the vignette in the following page.

PHILIP CHRISTIAN was another of the famous Liverpool potters, and had his works also on Shaw's Brow, but higher up than those of Pennington. They were on the site of what is now known as Islington Terrace. His house was at the corner of Christian Street, which was called after his name. At these works he produced octagonal and other shaped plates of tortoise-shell ware, as well as bowls and other pieces of the same material. He also made the ordinary earthenware of the time. Here, later on, he manufactured china † to a considerable extent, and, after the death of Richard Chaffers, is said to have become the leading potter in the place. Mr. Christian is said to have produced in china ware some remarkably good dinner, tea, and coffee services, as well as a number of vases and other ornaments. It is, however, impossible at present to authenticate his productions, so similar are they to those of other makers of the same time and place.

In 1760 the firm of THOMAS DEARE & Co. took the old Delft ware pottery at Patrick's Hill, known as the "Patrick's Hill Pot-house," where they manufactured "all sorts of the best blue and white earthenware."

About the same time a Mr. OKELL carried on "the Flint Pot Works," which were situated at the upper end of Park Lane, near the Pitch House. Here he made blue and white earthenware, and afterwards the more fashionable cream-coloured ware. Mr. Okell died in 1773—74, and the works were then taken by Messrs. RIGG AND PEACOCK, who immediately advertised their intention of "making all kinds of cream-coloured earthenware, &c." Mr. Rigg was, I have reason to believe, from Newcastle-under-Lyme, and a descendant of the celebrated Charles Rigg, the pipe-maker of that town. In the same year there was also a pot-house, called the "Mould Works," carried on by Messrs. Woods & Co., near the infirmary, but where nothing of a finer description than jars, sugar-moulds (for sugar refiners), crucibles, chimney-pots,

set of chimney ornaments, purchased by Mr. Mayer from the only and aged daughter

of Seth Pennington, by whom they had been treasured as examples of her father's



manufacture. The next group exhibits some other varieties of Pennington's vases,

the designs on which are painted in blue. In the making of this colour—a fine rich

* The following were the proportions of the ingredients used by Pennington:—Pennington's body, March 18, 1760—bone ash, 60 lb.; lime sand, 40 lb.; flint, 35 frit. To every 60 of the above 20 lbs. of clay.

† "Christian's china body (January, 1760). To 100 parts rock: flint, 24 parts; best flint glass, 6 parts; small glass, 6 parts; crown glass, 6 parts. To every 20 lbs. of the above put 1 lb. of salts. Glaze—4 china body (foreign): 16 flint glass; 3 white lead; 12 oz. of pearl ashes.

melting-pots, black mugs, and the like, were made.

In 1761 Liverpool was the scene of one of those strongly contested elections for which it was then, and is now, if we may judge by what has recently taken place, so notorious. The contest was between three rival candidates, viz., Sir William Meredith, Bart., Sir Ellis Cuncliffe, Bart., and Charles Pole, Esq., and the election was carried by the potters, one hundred

and two of whom gave plumpers for Sir William. This is proved by the poll and squib book, which was published by John Sadler, the inventor of transfer printing on earthenware, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter, and I allude to the circumstance here for the purpose of introducing an engraving of one of the drinking mugs made specially for the occasion by the "jolly potters" of Liverpool. This curious and highly interesting mug is of common white



PART OF PENNINGTON'S WORKS.

earthenware, and has a rude border, with the words,

Ser William

a

Plumper,

scratched in, in blue, in the soft clay before fining. It is here shown.



In connection with this election, a song written especially for the potters, and no doubt sung while this very mug was filled with strong ale, and passed round from mouth to mouth, is worth reprinting:—

THE POTTER'S SONG.

To the tune of "Ye mortals whom fancy," &c.

ADDRESSED TO THE PLUMPING POTTERS.

Ye true-hearted fellows, free plumpers and men,
Independent in Britain, how great is your claim!
Not power without candour can soothe with a smile,
Or forms of vain grandeur e'en fancy beguile.

CHORUS.

And thus sings the parent of liberty's cause,
If my son you would be,

If my son would be.

Like Britons undaunted, like Britons be free.
Tranquillity, heightened by friendship's supply,
Degraded may censure, with malice stalk by!
Auspiciously reigning, those plumpers they say,
Unluckily carry the spoils of each day.

And thus, &c.

Regardless of great ones, we live uncontroll'd,
We're potters and plumpers, we're not to be sold.
No purchase but merit can cheapen such souls,
Thus circled in friendship we live by our bowls.

And thus, &c.

Regained, now preserve the true blessing of choice,
And strike at the wretch that would blast a free voice;
Thus rich in possession of what is our own,
Sir William's our member, Squire Charley may moan.

And thus, &c.

The HERCULANEUM POTTERY, the largest earthenware manufactory ever established in Liverpool, was founded in the year 1796, on the site of some old copper works on the south shore of the river Mersey at Toxteth Park. The pottery had originally been established about the year 1793-4, by RICHARD ABBEY, who took into partnership a Scotchman named Graham. Richard Abbey was born at Aintree, and was apprenticed to John Sadler, in Harrington Street, as an engraver, where he produced many very effective groups for mugs, jugs, tiles, &c. Of these, one of his best productions was a large group of the Farmer's Arms, which is to be seen on jugs, &c., in different collections. After leaving Sadler's employment, Abbey removed to Glasgow, where he was an engraver at the pot-works, and afterwards served in a similar capacity in France, before he began his pot-works at Liverpool. Messrs. Abbey and Graham were successful in their factory at Toxteth Park, but Abbey growing tired of the business, they sold it to Messrs. Worthington, Humble, and Holland, and Mr. Abbey retired to his native village, where he died in 1801, "at the age of eighty-one, after breaking a blood-vessel whilst singing in Melling Church, where, being a good musician, he used to lead the choir on a Sunday. He was buried at Walton."

In Mr. Mayer's Museum is preserved a teapot of Richard Abbey's making. It is of cream-coloured ware, with black printing. On one side is "The Farmer's Arms," of large size, with supporters, well and boldly engraved. The arms are quarterly; 1st, a sheaf of corn; 2nd, two scythes in *saltier*, across them in *fess* two flails, knitted together by a sickle; 3rd, a hay rake and hay fork in *saltier*, with a three pronged fork, prongs upwards, in *pale*; 4th, a riddle and a bushel measure; crest, a plough; supporters, a dairy maid with a churn, and a mower with a scythe; motto, "In God is our trust." On the other side is the appropriate verse:—

May the mighty and great
Roll in splendour and state;
I envy them not, I declare it;
I eat my own Lamb,
My Chicken and Ham,
I shear my own sheep, and I wear it.

I have Lawns, I have Bowers,
I have Fruits, I have Flowers,
The Lark is my morning alarmer;
So you jolly Dogs now,
Here's "God bless the Plow,"
Long Life and content to the Farmer.

On taking to these works, Messrs. Worthington, Humble, and Holland, engaged as their foreman and manager, Mr. Ralph Mansfield, of Burslem. This person served them for some years, and afterwards commenced a small pottery on his own account at Bevington Bush, where he made only the commoner kinds of earthenware. These works ceased at his death. Besides Mansfield the foreman, the new company engaged about forty "hands," men, women, and children, in Staffordshire, and brought them to Liverpool to work in different branches of their art. As Wedgwood had chosen to call his new colony, "Etruria," the enterprising company determined on christening their colony "Herculaneum," which name they at once adopted, and stamped it on their wares. The buildings acquired from Richard Abbey were considerably enlarged, the arrangements were remodelled, new ovens and workshops were erected, and houses for the workmen built. This being done, the workpeople were brought from Staffordshire, and operations at once commenced. The story of the removal of this band of artisans is so pleasantly and so graphically told by my friend Mr. Mayer, that I here give it in his own words. He says:—"After enlarging and remodelling the works, and the little group of emigrants, who were chiefly from Staffordshire, being ready to start, their employers gave them a dinner at the Legs of Man public house at Burslem, to which a few of their friends were invited. There they spent the parting night in jollity and mirth; and at a late hour, in conformity with an old Mercian custom, still prevalent in some parts of Staffordshire, the parting cup was called for, and each pledged the other to a loving remembrance when absent, and a safe journey and a hearty goodwill. Next morning at an early hour they started on their journey, headed by a band of music, and flags bearing appropriate inscriptions, amongst which was one, 'Success to the Jolly Potters,' a motto still met with on the signs of the public houses in the Staffordshire pot districts. When reaching the Grand Trunk Canal, which runs near to the town of Burslem, after bidding farewell to all their relatives and friends, they got into the boats prepared for them, and were towed away amid the shouts of hundreds of spectators. Now, however, came the time for thought. They had left their old homes, the hearths of their forefathers, and were going to a strange place. Still the hopes of bettering themselves were strongest in their thoughts, and they arrived in Runcorn in good spirits, having amused themselves in various ways during their canal passage, by singing their peculiar local songs, which, as 'craft' songs, perhaps stand unrivalled in any employment, for richness of material, elegance of thought, and expression of passion and sentiment, and it is to be regretted that many of them are daily becoming lost. Amongst other amusements was one that created much merriment—drawing lots for the houses they were to live in, which had been built for them by their employers; and as they had not seen them, nor knew anything about them, the only preference to be striven for was whether it should be No. 1, 2, 3, &c.

"At Runcorn they stayed all night, as the weather was bad and the river very rough, after one of those storm-days frequent in the Mersey, when the waters are lashed by the

wind into such fury, that few boats dare venture out, and many who had never seen salt water before, were afraid to trust themselves upon it in a flat. Next morning, November 11, 1796, the wind had subsided. They embarked on board the flat, and at once, with a fair wind, got into the middle of the Mersey, where it becomes more like an inland sea surrounded by lofty mountain ranges. This much surprised the voyagers, alike by its picturesque beauty and the vast extent of water. They had a pleasant voyage down the river, and arriving at their destination, were met on their landing by a band of music, and marched into the works amidst the cheers of a large crowd of people, who had assembled to greet them. Thus commenced the peopling of the little colony called Herculaneum, where a few years ago, on visiting the old nurse of my father, who had accompanied her son there, I heard the same peculiar dialect of language as is spoken in their mother district in Staffordshire, which to those not brought up in that locality, is almost unintelligible."

From this it will be seen that the little colony was peopled in the middle of November, 1796. The works were opened on the 8th of December, on which occasion an

entertainment was given to the workpeople, as will be seen from the following interesting paragraph from *Gore's General Advertiser* of December 13th, 1796:—

"On Saturday last, the new pottery (formerly the copper works)* near this town was opened, and a plentiful entertainment given by Mr. Worthington, the proprietor, to upwards of sixty persons employed in the manufactory, who were preceded by a military band, from the works along the docks and through Castle Street. Two colours were displayed on the occasion, one representing a distant view of the manufactory. We have the pleasure to say, that these works are very likely to succeed, from their extent and situation, and will be of infinite advantage to the merchants of Liverpool."

The first productions of the Herculaneum works were confined to blue printed ware, in which dinner, toilet, tea, and coffee services, punch-bowls, mugs, and jugs, were the principal articles made, and cream-coloured ware, which was then so fashionable. At a later date, terra-cotta vases and other articles were produced, as were also biscuit vases, figures, &c.

Of the cream-coloured ware, or Queen's ware, the examples which have come under

my notice are of remarkably fine quality, and are as well and carefully potted as those of any other manufactory, scarcely even excepting Wedgwood's own. In colour they are of a somewhat darker shade than Wedgwood's, and Mayer's, and not of so yellow a cast as the Leeds ware. The glaze is good, and the decorations are careful and well designed. In the possession of Mr. Benson Rathbone and myself, are parts of a dinner service, each piece of which is decorated with a border of grapes, vine leaves, and tendrils, carefully painted in sepia, and the initials M. H. H. in writing capitals, within a beaded oval, surmounted by the crest of a stag's head caboshed. This design of crest and initials is engraved, and is an excellent specimen of transfer printing in sepia. The border of vine leaves, grapes, &c., is precisely the same as is found on some of Wedgwood's Queen's ware, and pieces of other makes, in my own collection. It should be added that some of the pieces of this service are marked with the name

HERCULANEUM

in small capitals, impressed on their under side. The collector will also find some good examples of this ware in Mr. Mayer's Museum at Liverpool, which will serve for



HERCULANEUM POTTERY.

comparison with other makes. The Herculaneum works also produced some remarkably good jugs with bas-relief figures, foliage, &c., of extremely fine and hard body. These pieces, which rival Turner's celebrated jugs, are marked with the name HERCULANEUM in small capitals, impressed. In the possession of Mr. Davis, Leeds, is a scarce example of Herculaneum make. It is a plate of pure white, with a broad puce-coloured border, with well painted leaves and flowers. It is marked with the impressed name of Herculaneum.

In terra-cotta vases of good design, as well as other pieces, were produced. In the possession of Mr. Beard is a remarkably fine pair of covered vases, with boldly-modelled heads of satyrs for handles, and festoons on the sides. The vases are black, and the heads and festoons gilt. This fine pair is marked HERCULANEUM. In Mr. Rathbone's collection is a wine cooler of vine leaves and grapes, of similar design, and of the same reddish colour as some of Wedgwood's terra-cotta coolers. It is marked HERCULANEUM, impressed on the bottom.

In Blue Printing the Herculaneum Works produced many remarkably good patterns,

and the earthenware bearing those patterns was of a fine hard and compact body, of excellent glaze, and the potting remarkably good and skilful. One service, of which specimens may be seen in Mr. Mayer's museum and in my own collection, had openwork basket rims, of similar design to those produced by Davenport. On this service were views of the principal towns in England, the names of which were printed in blue on the bottoms of each

also practised, and of these several examples are in Mr. Mayer's possession.

In 1800 the manufactory was considerably increased, and again in 1806 it received many additions. At this time, in order to augment the working capital, the number of proprietors was increased. Early in the present century china was made at these works, and continued to be produced, though not to a large extent, to the time of the close of the works. Of the china produced several examples may be seen in the Mayer museum. In 1822 it was ordered by proprietors at a meeting held in that year, that "to give publicity and identity to the china and earthenware manufactured by the Herculaneum Pottery Company, the words 'Herculaneum Pottery' be stamped or marked on some conspicuous part of all china and earthenware made and manufactured at the manufactory." In 1833 the company was dissolved, and the property sold for £25,000 to Mr. Ambrose Lace, who leased the premises to Thomas Case and James Mort, who are said to have carried on the business for about three years only. By these gentlemen, it is said, the mark of the "Liver," of which I shall speak presently,



piece, which mostly bear the impressed mark of HERCULANEUM in large capitals. This, and other services which I have examined, are in the ordinary process of transfer printing, but batt printing was

* Many of the early productions of these works have a peculiar green tinge about them. This was the effect of the copper, which for some time tainted the manufactory.

was introduced. About 1836 the firm of Case, Mort, & Co. was succeeded by that of Mort and Simpson, who continued the manufactory until its close in 1841.

During the time the works were carried on by Case, Mort, & Co., a fine dinner-service, of which a portion is in Mr. Mayer's museum, was made for the corporation of Liverpool. It was blue-printed, and had on each piece the arms of Liverpool carefully engraved, and emblazoned. In the same collection is part of another service of somewhat similar description, but with the earlier mark of HERCULANEUM impressed.

The marks used at the Herculaneum Works at different periods appear to have been, so far as my present knowledge goes, the following; and as they have never before been engraved, they will, doubtless, be found of much service to the collector, in enabling him correctly to appropriate specimens in his possession. They are as follows:—

The word

HERCULANEUM

impressed in large capitals. The same in small capitals, also impressed,

HERCULANEUM.

These have generally a number attached, which, of course, is simply the mark of the workman or of the pattern. The same name also occasionally occurs in blue-printing.



A crown, with the word Herculaneum in a curve, above it. This mark is impressed.



A crown within a garter, bearing the word Herculaneum, impressed.

The words

HERCULANEUM
POTTERY

in capitals, impressed.

The crest of the borough of Liverpool, a bird called the *Liver*, or *Lever*, with wings expanded, and bearing in its beak a sprig of the plant liverwort. Of this mark of the



crest there are three varieties, here shown, and which are all impressed in the ware.

An anchor, with the word Liverpool in a



curve, above it. This is likewise an impressed mark.

Before closing this chapter, it may be well to note, that among the men of eminence who, at one time or other, were connected with the potteries of Liverpool, besides those named, were William Roscoe, the eminent Art-critic and biographer, Peter Pever Burdett, the engraver, who also worked for Wedgwood, and who intro-

duced the process of transferring aquatints to pottery and porcelain; Paul Sandby, who assisted other manufactories, and many other artists of note.

It may also be well to say a word or two on those pieces which more than others are considered to be "Liverpool pottery," and which, indeed, I believe are thought by many collectors to be the only kind ever made there. I allude to the mugs, plates, &c., of cream-coloured ware which are decorated with ships or with flags of different merchants, and signals. These were principally made at the works of Guy Green, in Harrington Street, of whom I have spoken in my last chapter. Of these, several varieties have come under my notice, but it will be sufficient for my present purpose to note one or two. Some pieces have the engraving of the lighthouse and flags, with the name, "An east view of Liverpool Light House and Signals on Bidston Hill, 1788." The flags are all numbered, and beneath are references, with the owners' names, to forty-three different flags. Another piece with the same date has forty-four flags and owners' names, showing the addition of a new merchant in that year. Others again, without date, show fifty and seventy-five flags, and are therefore interesting as showing the rapid extension of the port. These pieces are very sharply engraved and printed in black, and the flags on some of the pieces are coloured.

I have purposely avoided in these chapters on Liverpool pottery and china alluding to the manufactories at Seacombe or St. Helen's, as these will, on another occasion, form the subject of a short notice.

Having now brought my notice of the Liverpool pot-works to a conclusion, it only remains to add that I shall resume my series of papers in the next number with a history of Leeds pottery, about which but little is at present known.

ART-EXHIBITION AT ALTON TOWERS.

THE Art-Treasures' Exhibition at Alton Towers, of the inauguration of which an account was given in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, consists principally of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, architectural drawings and sketches, Wedgwood ware, pottery and porcelain of various makes and periods, carvings in wood and ivory, enamels, &c. &c. Among the contributors of oil pictures are the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Lichfield, the Duke of Sutherland, Viscount Clifden, Lord Leigh, Lord Lyttelton, Lady Cotton Shepherd, the South Kensington Museum, Sir William Fitzherbert, Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, Mr. Francis Wedgwood, Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. Joseph Mayer, Dr. Davis, Messrs. Fenton, Bateman, Twigg, Alcock, Hill, Sleigh, Wood, Smith, Gaunt, Edge, Sneyd, Warren, Buller, Clement, and many other well-known amateurs. The collection thus brought together is one of extensive interest and beauty. The paintings are hung in the Armoury and Picture Gallery, and are between two and three hundred in number, including examples of Rembrandt, Murillo, Titian, Van Huysum, Guido, Rubens, Vandyck, Loutherbourg, Reynolds, Lawrence, Kneller, Morland, Westall, Wilkie, Cook, Collins, Redgrave, Etty, Clint, Mulready, Leslie, Cope, Grant, Wright of Derby, Jackson, Stubbs, and others.

The water-colour drawings and sketches

include examples by Flaxman, Prout, Turner, Hunt, David Cox, E. M. Ward, Cattermole, Redgrave, Copley Fielding, Sandby, Gastineau, Holland, Webster, Cope, Dyce, Nash, Landseer, &c.;—lent by Mr. Beresford-Hope, Mr. Philips, the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Woodall, Mr. Taylor, Dr. Davis, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Alcock, Mr. Clement, Miss Rowbotham, and others.

The architectural drawings consist of fifty large framed drawings of ecclesiastical, public, and domestic buildings, contributed to the exhibition through the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Another striking feature in the exhibition is a fine series of five hundred and fifty framed drawings, sent in for national competition from the schools of Art throughout the kingdom, which are contributed by the Lords of the Privy Council for Education, from the South Kensington Museum.

Miniatures are contributed by Viscount Ingestre (painted by Miss Dixon), and by Mr. L. S. Davis.

Among the carvings, her Majesty the Queen most kindly contributes the exquisitely-carved boxwood cradle by Mr. Rogers, from Windsor Castle; Miss Burdett Coutts also sends some examples of Mr. Rogers' work, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., a fine piece of French carving of a squirrel, while devouring a young bird in a nest, being attacked by the old bird. This gentleman also contributes a fine plateau of stag's horn, carved with hunting subjects and Diana and Acteon, dated 1671-3, a ewer of stag's horn elaborately carved, and a Venetian shrine or devotional tablet.

In enamels, the principal contributor is Mr. Buller, M.P., who lends a few remarkably fine examples of Limoges, &c. Some antique bronzes have been contributed by Dr. Holland and others, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer lends a magnificent crystal ewer, set with precious stones.

In pottery and porcelain, besides the collection of Wedgwood ware to be spoken of hereafter, are many highly interesting examples of various makes and periods, contributed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who sends some fine majolicas, capo de Montis, and specimens of old German porcelain, &c.; Mr. Jewitt, who sends rare examples of early Staffordshire, and of Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool Delft, Chelsea-Derby, Derby, New Hall, Worcester, Lowestoft, and other makes; Mr. Melleys, who sends specimens of French porcelain; Mr. Edwards, examples of majolica; Lord Leigh, a breakfast service, made to his order for her Majesty's use when visiting at Stoneleigh Abbey; Mr. Ratcliffe, a collection of Etruscan pottery; Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart., some interesting pieces of ware; Messrs. Wedgwood, Messrs. Minton, and Messrs. Copeland, selections of their productions of the present day; Mr. Campbell, Mr. Rathbone, and others.

The object of the exhibition being to aid that noble scheme, the establishment in the Potteries of the "Wedgwood Memorial Institute," it will be right in this notice to direct attention more especially to whatever relates to Wedgwood or his productions, which it contains. The speciality of the loan collection should be *Wedgwood*, and to this end the present notice will be confined to him and his works, as exemplified in the treasures temporarily brought together at Alton Towers. And first as to *Pictures*.

In the centre of the west wall of the picture gallery is a group of six paintings brought together from different localities, and belonging each one to a different owner, which possesses more interest than

any other group in the whole collection. In the centre is the fine large family picture (97), by Stubbs, the celebrated animal painter, in which the great potter, Josiah Wedgwood, and his wife and family, are represented in a part of the grounds of his mansion at Etruria; Wolstanton Church, &c., is shown in the distance. In this interesting picture, which belongs to Francis Wedgwood, by whom it has been kindly lent from his mansion at Barlaston, Josiah Wedgwood and his amiable wife are represented in the characteristic costume of the period, seated beneath a large tree in the garden. The lady is holding out her hand to her little daughter, Catherine, who is drawing a child's carriage, containing the two younger members of the family, Sarah and Mary-Anne. The eldest daughter, Susannah, afterwards wife of Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, is represented on horseback, as are her three brothers, John, Josiah, and Thomas.*

Immediately below this painting is hung Reynolds's fine and well-known portrait of Josiah Wedgwood (99), which has been lent by its possessor, the present Josiah Wedgwood, of Gunville. This portrait has been engraved both in mezzotint and line, and will be familiar to most readers of the *Art-Journal*.† It forms a conspicuous feature in the present collection. This portrait is supported right and left by those of the man who owed so much to Wedgwood's early patronage, and to whom in his turn Wedgwood was indebted for the beauty of many of his designs—John Flaxman. Of these charming portraits of Flaxman, No. 103, by Jackson, R.A., is contributed by Viscount Clifden; and No. 101, by Derby, is lent by Mr. Rowbotham.

Above the family picture are portraits of Dr. Darwin and of Thomas Bentley. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Derby, the author of the "Botanic Garden," &c. &c., was on intimate terms of friendship with Josiah Wedgwood, and his son, Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, married Susannah, his eldest daughter, who is shown on horseback in the family painting just described. This portrait, which is after Wright of Derby, was also produced as a medallion by Wedgwood. It is lent by Miss Darwin. The portrait of Thomas Bentley, the friend and partner of Josiah Wedgwood, is by Wright of Derby, and is lent by Mrs. Marsh Caldwell. It is a remarkably fine example of Wright's admirable style of painting. While speaking of Bentley it will be well to note that in the same gallery, at this exhibition, are three small paintings (Nos. 196, 198, 200), by Wright of Derby, of Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell and Miss Stamford, relatives of Bentley, through his second wife. These paintings are contributed by Mrs. Marsh Caldwell. There is also (No. 117) a portrait of George Stubbs, the painter of the family portrait just described—"that excellent artist, Mr. Stubbs," as Wedgwood writes, "whose exquisite enamels upon them,‡ after nature, which have been repeatedly exhibited in the Royal Academy, are evidences of the species and value of the enamel painting that may be produced upon these tablets." This portrait of Stubbs, which is probably painted by himself, is contributed by Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A.

Another highly interesting portrait is that of Richard Wedgwood, of Spen Green (No. 60), the father of Sarah Wedgwood, wife of the great potter; it is contributed to the collection by Mr. E. T. W. Wood. The portrait, which exhibits Richard Wedgwood when somewhat advanced in life, shows him to have possessed that quiet, thoughtful, and benevolent expression of countenance so characteristic of the family.

In the same gallery will be seen a fine portrait of Richard Chaffers, the Liverpool potter (No. 157), of whom a notice appears in the present number of the *Art-Journal*, painted by Chubbard, of Liverpool, and contributed by Mr. J. Mayer, F.S.A. Chaffers was the contemporary and friend of Wedgwood, and, following in the wake of Cookworthy, sought for, and found, a fresh vein of "soap rock" in Cornwall, and through its use introduced the art of making china into Liverpool.

Another interesting picture in this gallery (No. 155) is one of Etruria works and village in 1838, with Burslem in the distance, painted by S. Williamson, and contributed by Mr. Mayer.

In the Talbot Gallery will be found some of Flaxman's sketches, viz., 'Ajax and Cassandra' (No. 356), lent by Miss Rowbotham, and a scene from the *Inferno*,—'Dante and Virgil contemplating the Souls in Paradise,' lent by Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P. In the same gallery are Mr. Wigginton's 'Perspective Design for the Wedgwood Institute,' Mr. L. De Ville's 'Premiated Ceramic Design for the Wedgwood Memorial,' and Mr. G. B. Nichols's 'Wedgwood Memorial, Original Design,' which are all worthy of examination; as is also Mr. Brandon's large perspective view of Alton Towers, where the exhibition is being held, showing proposed alterations in that fine and highly-picturesque building.

In the ceramic department, which is principally comprised in the octagon room, Wedgwood ware, as undoubtedly ought to be the case, forms the most prominent feature. Here is the fine marble bust of Josiah Wedgwood, by Fontana, presented to the Memorial Institute by Mr. Mayer, F.S.A., and which is conspicuously placed on the top of the central case, looking down the picture gallery.

In jasper-ware the collection is especially rich, and contains many choice examples of various periods, including specimens of both solid jasper and jasper-dip. Among the principal contributors are:—Mr. Mayer, who sends a large number of plaques, cameos, medallions, &c., as well as some choice vases and a fine wine-cooler (No. 232) of circular form, with four supports with terminal female heads in blue, decorated with white bead necklaces, from each of which hangs a small cameo, blue ground, with white head; this fine piece is decorated with figures and classic foliage. The Earl of Harrowby has sent a pair of sumptuous jasper-dip vases and covers. Mr. D. C. Marjoribanks, M.P., contributes, besides a series of fourteen original models in wax, by Flaxman, for Wedgwood's bas-reliefs, and several fine plaques, &c., a pair of flower vases, with Flaxman's cupids beneath festoons of drapery and skins suspended from the handles of vases standing on pillars; a remarkably fine open-work basket of the nautilus form, in blue jasper, with white jasper borders, edges, and foliage (this is a very unusual example, open-work baskets being generally made in the bamboo or cane-coloured ware); and a white marble chimney-piece, inlaid with medallions and plaques in sage-

green jasper. Mr. J. E. Taylor sends a collection of vases, pedestals, lamps, portions of tea equipages, déjeuné services, plaques, cameos, &c. Messrs. Wedgwood, who lend a cruciform vase with circular base, tobacco pots, pedestals, flower vases, cameos, &c. Messrs. Agnew and Sons contribute some charming pedestals, inkstands, tea equipages, vases, &c. &c. Lord Leigh sends a set of three exquisitely foliated vases, a pair of tripod lamps supported on dolphins, inkstands, lamps, &c. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer sends the simple, but chaste and elegant déjeuné service to which he so poetically alluded in his speech at Burslem on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute, and which is engraved in the *Art-Journal* for October, 1864, and in Mr. Jewitt's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," p. 325; and other examples. Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt sends some medallions, some double cameos for setting in bracelets, and examples of double seals for mounting as "swivels." Mr. Bagshawe contributes a remarkably fine plaque of large size, and of unusually fine execution.

In red ware, Mr. Gladstone contributes a "root pot" and saucer, exquisitely ornamented with a wreath of flowers in relief in black; and Mr. Taylor exhibits an Egyptian vase, and a pair of remarkably good vases, decorated with foliage, borders, and a series of classic figures in black relief.

In "basaltes, or Egyptian black" ware, the principal contributors are—Mr. Taylor, who sends among other examples three pair of magnificent sphinxes, two pair of which are arranged as candelabra, some highly interesting figures, paper weights, &c.; Mrs. Marsh Caldwell, who sends some good vases, lamps, &c.; Mr. Gladstone contributes a coffee-pot and cover, decorated with Flaxman's groups of boys; and Messrs. Agnew, who send a pair of vases, an inkstand, and portions of tea and coffee equipages. There are also exhibited a marvelously fine and large figure of Mercury, a large bust, and a pair of the celebrated "wine" and "water" ewers.

In "encaustic" or "Etruscan" ware the Earl of Dartmouth exhibits a wonderfully fine assemblage of vases, of large size, and of remarkably good character.

In "Queen's ware," Messrs. Agnew and Sons exhibit the fine centrepiece engraved in the *Art-Journal* for May, 1864, the teapot engraved in the same number, and a vase. Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt contributes a fine round dish, painted with vine leaf and grape border in sepia, a saucer with painted border, and some plates, &c.

In imitation porphyry, agate, &c., Mr. Jewitt and others contribute some remarkably fine examples.

In Wedgwood china, Mr. Mayer sends some good specimens; and of printed wares he and Mr. Jewitt also contribute examples.

The exhibition, though not so extensive as could have been wished, and not so rich in illustrations of Wedgwood and his productions as might naturally have been expected, is, nevertheless, highly creditable, and one which will tend to attract additional interest to the ceramic arts, so long and so successfully practised in the district.

As the collection is not yet entirely arranged, but fresh objects for exhibition are constantly arriving, we here close our notice for the present, to supplement it in our next number by a few words on the recent additions, and on the bas-reliefs and cameos, &c., to which only a brief allusion has been made.

* Richard, the other son, had died previous to the execution of this painting.

† A fine steel engraving of this painting, by John Taylor Wedgwood, appears as the frontispiece to the "Life of Josiah Wedgwood," by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. London, Virtue Brothers, 1865.

‡ Tablets of Wedgwood's making in earthenware.

DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.*

PREBENDARY JACKSON is one of those who have done good service to the cause of humanity both by word and deed: he has advocated the claims

of the domestic animal on the kind consideration of its owner and its employer.

In furtherance of this most laudable object the reverend gentleman has put forth an excellent little book, filled with a large variety of well-authenticated anecdotes concerning dogs, horses,



donkeys, and cats, with some of which creatures almost everybody has something or other to do. He says, "the work, it is hoped, will be occa-

sionally used in primary, secondary, and other schools; and offered as a reward to peasant boys and girls distinguished for their gentleness to



wards the lower creation." But the book merits a much wider circulation than it would have as

* OUR DUMB COMPANIONS, or, Conversations of a Father with his Children, about Dogs, Horses, Donkeys, and Cats. By THOMAS JACKSON, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Stoke Newington. Published by S. W. Partridge, London.

"prize;" it should find its way into every household, high or low, where a domestic animal is kept, as a most entertaining teacher of kindness to our dumb companions. It is presented in a most attractive but simple form, with copious illustrations, excellently drawn and engraved, of which two specimens appear on this page.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF D. PRICE, ESQ., REGENT'S PARK.

A PASSING CLOUD.

J. C. Hook R.A. Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.

A CATALOGUE of Mr. Hook's pictures would show, perhaps, as great a variety of subject as we should find in the works of any living painter. His earliest productions are of an historical character, or were suggested by passages in the writings of our poets. From these he turned to the legends and annals of Venice, lingering for a long time on the blue waters of the Adriatic as they reflected the bright image of the beautiful city, and the glittering throngs that issued from her palaces in days of old. He exhibited her people, her high-born ladies, cavaliers, and her gondolas, in all the pomp and circumstance of mediæval grandeur. At a subsequent date, his pictures were principally representations of home scenery, with rustic figures, similar to that engraved here; these, however, were occasionally interspersed with historical subjects. Within the last four or five years his pencil has chiefly delineated fishermen, engaged in their avocations, either at sea or on shore, and these he has rendered with a fidelity and truth scarcely surpassed by artists who have been all their life long marine painters. To this latest class of works he has given what may be called almost a new reading, for their charm lies not so much in the painting of the sea, or the vessel, or the rocky coast—all of which, however, is excellent—as in the manner in which the figures are brought forward, and the life-like, salt-water expression (we can find no other term to signify our meaning) given to them. One of the earliest of these pictures, 'A Signal on the Horizon,' elicited the following remarks from Mr. Ruskin, in his "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition" in 1857:—"It seems to me that this is the sweetest and most pathetic picture of an English bay that has been painted in modern times; and as for the thought, and choice of scene, and rendering of expression throughout the picture, they are all so true, so touching, and so lovely, that I do not choose to speak many words about them, lest I should do the reader harm instead of good by some discordant expression; it would need a little finished idyl of Tennyson to express them rightly."

The 'Passing Cloud' was exhibited at the Academy the year before the picture just mentioned. The title, it is evident, has no reference to a cloud overshadowing the landscape, which is bright as a summer's day can make it, but to one which has come across the path of the two young rustic lovers, who have had a slight quarrel, and have turned away from each other, the youth hiding his face on a high green bank, and the girl sitting mute at its base, and idly pulling to pieces the flowers in her lap. Her countenance is not indicative of much trouble; she is undoubtedly coqueting with her swain, and, feeling she has him firmly in her grasp, quietly waits her time for the cloud above them to pass away.

There is considerable awkwardness in the arrangement of a portion, and that the most prominent, of the composition. The outer line of the bank runs in the same direction as the cottage, of which it seems almost a continuation, so that at a first glance the boy appears to be resting on the latter. But the subject is worked out with extreme care and minuteness of detail, especially in the whole of the landscape.

ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

CHAPTER III.

BRUSSELS is so happy a combination of the best features of Paris and London, that it has always been a favourite place of residence with the English, who at one time formed a not very inconsiderable portion of its population. Of course the casual visitor goes to Waterloo, though the locality is now much altered since the great day of battle. The continual visits of travellers, making a residence here a means of profit, have so much increased the population of Waterloo and Mont St. Jean, that whereas there used to be a full mile of distance between the two places, the long straggling village of Mont St. Jean is now quite united to Waterloo. We give a sketch of the latter place in its original condition; the pyramidal mound surmounted by the Belgic lion, commemorating the native soldiery, is three miles off.

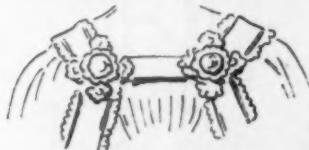
Belgium has not many monuments to show connected with its own great civil wars. Out-



VAN EYCK'S VIRGIN.

side the gate of Ghent, on the road to Antwerp, are the remains of the tremendous fortress erected by the Emperor Charles V., to check the turbulent inhabitants of the old city. Here were imprisoned the Counts Egmont and Horn, and here the celebrated Prince of Orange led the assault of 1570, when the citizens succeeded in obtaining possession of it, and soon afterwards levelled it with the ground; the people working as willingly as did the Parisians when they razed the Bastille; and, like them, being assisted by their wives and children. Within its boundary is the octagonal chapel of St. Macaire. It is enclosed by the heavy ivy-covered walls of the central keep. The cloister of the Gothic chapel of St. Bavon, which also stood within the citadel, has much more picturesque features. It is in the Romanesque style, and was once the centre of the ancient quarter of St. Bavon, whence eight hundred houses were removed to make way for this formidable fortress.

Allusion has already been made to the fine



specimens of old domestic architecture to be seen in Belgium; they abound in infinite variety. Malines possesses some picturesque examples, of which we engrave one specimen. Louvain is equally rich, and among them is the remarkable brick-building, with geometric tracery over the entire front, also engraved in our pages. At Ghent and at Bruges are equally good, though varied, specimens of the ability of the old Flemish builders.

Many amusing details will attract an observant eye in these old cities. Quaint signs, with their necessary names in broad Flemish, greet passers by. Of these we give four specimens. It will be conceded that we use the term "necessary" advisedly, for the "red hound" (of a bright scarlet tint) and "the wild cat" require their proper designations to render them recognisable.

The Flemings have always delighted in the grotesque, and in startling popular pageantry. Every city had, and has still, its appointed day of jubilee, generally in honour of its patron

saint, when the trade guilds parade the streets in fanciful dresses, accompanied by the civic giants, enormous figures of animals, real and imaginary, whales, ships fully rigged and manned, with heathen gods, classic heroes, and heterogeneous characters to marshal the whole. No great city was without its giant, and on great occasions they all assembled to do honour to the advent of some great personage. The

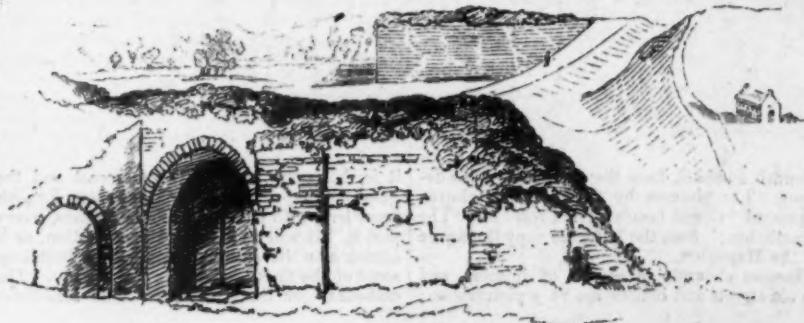
only giant who has never travelled beyond the walls of his own city, is he of Antwerp, and for the most sufficient reason: there is no gate of the old city tall enough for him to pass under. This enormous figure was constructed in the reign of the Emperor Charles V. Within the body is a spiral staircase, leading to a platform on a level with the neck, where a man stands to direct a windlass to turn the head from side to



WATERLOO.

side when he is drawn on his car through the streets. He is provided with a wife of equally gigantic proportion, and a brood of young giants, about ten feet high, who walk after them. Their bodies are of wicker-work, and conceal strong men, who give what vitality they can to the monsters. They are the delight of the populace, who speak with warm affection of "notre bon père Antigone," "sa belle Dame,"

and "nos amiables petits Géants;" yet the history of the "bon père" would seem to call for no mark of esteem.* According to popular legend he was a cruel giant, who inhabited a castle on the Scheldt where Antwerp now stands, and exacted heavy toll from all boats that passed; if the men did not pay, he cut off their hands. Braban, one of Julius Caesar's generals, ultimately conquered him, founded the seigniory



THE OLD CITADEL, GHENT.

named Brabant after him, and built Antwerp, giving it that name in memory of the hands cut off (*hand 't worpen*) by the giant, which hands still appear in the city arms, as may be seen in the shield borne by the giant's wife. In spite, however, of so clear and vivacious a narrative, sober topographers are more inclined to trace the name of the city from its position, "an 't'werf"

(on the wharf), that led to its great commercial prosperity.

But we must bid adieu to civic legends, and take a last glance of the treasures of pictorial Art the old towns enshrine. To begin at the beginning, one of the earliest and most renowned of paintings is still the great feature of the cathedral of St. Bavon, at Ghent. It is the



CHAPEL IN THE CITADEL, GHENT.

work of the brothers Hubert and John van Eyck, and possesses all their beauties, as well as their faults. The wonderfully sound and brilliant condition of the picture is a testimony to their careful and conscientious work. The principal subject (for it is in many compartments) is 'The Adoration of the Holy Lamb,' into which design is crowded more than 300 figures all finished with the most scrupulous minuteness; that, however, is a qualification

less remarkable than the great degree of character they possess, and the vigour and correctness of their drawing. Larger groups, or single figures, surround this subject. One of the most striking is that of the glorified Madonna. Her costume is regal, as also is that of the Saviour,

* In the *Art-Journal* for 1860 is an engraving from a picture by Baron Wappers, in the collection of her Majesty, representing the procession of this famous Giant, under the title of 'The Ommegang at Antwerp.'

who wears the tiara and the golden robes of a worldly sovereign, clasped with jewels across the breast, as shown in our cut.

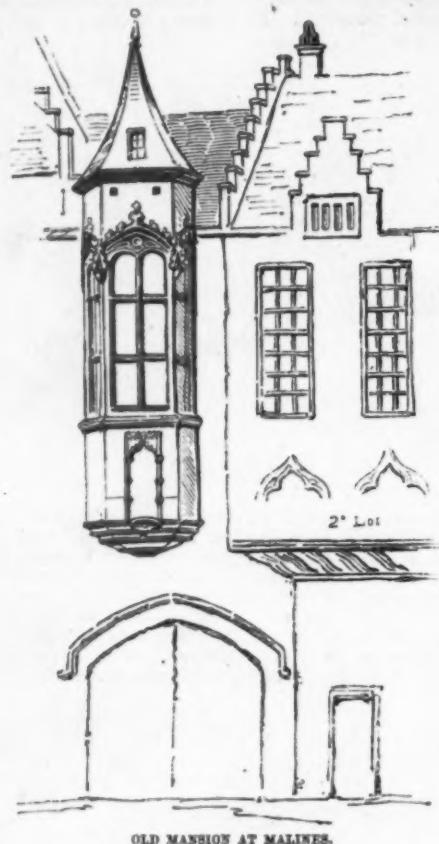
In the same cathedral are two pictures by an artist very little known, but of great ability—Michael Coxie. There is a series of designs (thirty-three in number) illustrating Apuleius's

tale of "Cupid and Psyche," which Vasari says are by him, but which are most usually assigned to Raphael. Coxie is not the only Fleming whose pure love of Italian Art would lead connoisseurs to ascribe their works to Italian artists. Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, is often termed by his countrymen the

the fifteenth century it may be said to be unrivalled.

Wood-sculpture has always been much patronised in the Low Countries; hence it has assumed a higher character than it generally exhibits elsewhere. We engrave a group from the cathedral, and a graceful figure of the Madonna, from a street corner. We have already alluded to the interest and beauty that sometimes attaches to these groups intended to attract the pious feelings of pedestrians, and have given some few specimens from Antwerp; but this group is the most elegant we have met with.

Near the hospital stands the church of Notre-Dame, a perfect museum of Art. Nowhere can be seen finer examples of the wood-carving which has made Belgium famous. The tombs of the



OLD MANSION AT MALINES.

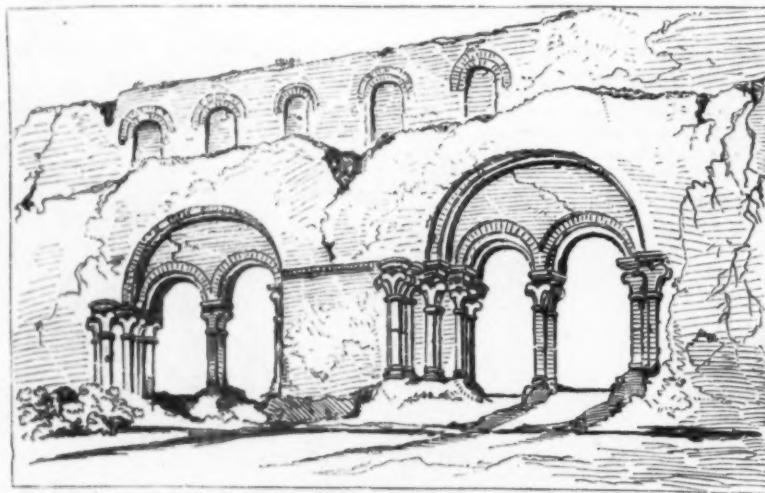
Flemish Raphael, from the character of his designs. The pictures by Coxie in this church represent 'Christ bearing His Cross' and 'The Crucifixion'; from the latter we copy the figure of the Magdalen.

Bruges abounds in objects of interest, and its old streets and houses are very picturesque;

it is, however, so near the sea-coast and the great landing-place, Ostend, that most English travellers, with characteristic impatience, hurry past it. It will well reward examination, as it contains in its churches and public buildings some of the finest Art-works in Belgium. The cathedral (or St. Saviour, as it is sometimes

renowned Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and his daughter Mary, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, are marvels of design and execution. A foundation of marble is overlaid with foliations and figures in gilt metal-work, and further enriched by coats-of-arms in brilliant enamel colours. Funeral pomp could be carried no farther than this, nor is the Art-workmanship of the Burgundian era better exhibited than upon these sumptuous mementoes.

The great Art-feature of this church, and undoubtedly the finest piece of sculpture in Belgium, is the group of the Virgin and Child in one of the side chapels. It is popularly ascribed to Michael Angelo, but the fact of its being his work cannot be proved. There is nothing



CLOISTER OF THE OLD MONASTERY OF ST. BAVON, GHENT.

termed) has a fine picture by an early artist, Hans Hemling, worthy of Van Eyck; but the great work of this artist is in the Hospital of St. John, whither he had resorted for cure, after being severely wounded in the battle of Nancy, 1477. The picture was painted in grateful memory of the attention he had received at the hands of the

good sisters. Here, also, is the chief glory of his pencil—the famous "Chasse," painted with the legend of St. Ursula and the Virgin-martyrs. The brilliancy and beauty of this work, and its marvellous freshness after four hundred years, astonish all who see it for the first time. As a pure specimen of the Art of



COLUMNS AT ST. BAVON.

unworthy of the greatest master in its composition and treatment, and it is certainly too good for the best Flemish sculptor, Du Quesnoy. Our concluding sketch is of this group; it conveys but a faint idea of its leading lines. Never was the charm of simplicity more visible than in this work. The dignity of the seated figure greatly adds to the grace of the infant Saviour, the playful and wavy lines of whose position contrast charmingly with the tranquillity and solidity of that given to the Virgin-Mother. Seldom does a sculptured work assert its high place in Art more unmistakably than this, the pride of the people of Bruges.

In thus rapidly reviewing the Art-labours of a country that has earned for itself so important a position as Belgium, it will be conceded to us

that the difficulties are great, to make all comprehensible in a few pages, and by the simplest anatomy of the subjects treated of, embracing, as they do, architecture, sculpture, and painting. Our task has been lightened by the very truthful sketches—the work of a lady artist—which have helped to make our descriptions clearer, and very often drawn our own attention to peculiar and valuable incidents in a picture. Like the *naïve* remark that gives piquancy to a narrative, a slight incident in a picture may

give it a greater value by an appeal at once to those strong innate feelings implanted in all, and through which "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The painter, equally with the poet, has this power; occasionally the painter has the advantage in a more direct and positive form of communicating his ideas. It is the nature, even more than the art, of the painters of the Low Countries, that gives them their position as an original naturalistic school, in opposition to the pure idealists

dungeons until death set them free, or were tortured for money and robbed of their merchandise. At last the great towns leagued together, promising to aid and defend each other with money and soldiers of their own raising, thus establishing a confederation that soon taught the world the wisdom of commercial laws. The Hanseatic League became most im-



GOTHIC HOUSE AT LOUVAIN.

of the Italian school. They have hitherto kept their position, and are likely to keep it as long as truthfulness be valued. They cannot take the high rank that by right belongs to the greater artists of the southern schools; but they do not pretend to dispute that fact, and are content to rest on their own merits. Sometimes we admire only their wonderful imitative power, or perfect mastery of the technicalities of Art; but we are often called on to note high flights of thought and genuine touches of feeling,

Where, indeed, should we look for them, if not in the men who fought the great fight of liberty and religious freedom in the marshes of Holland and the plains of Belgium? taught in the severest school of cruelty and wrong, persecuted for opinion past human endurance, and quite past modern belief. Keen and deep must have been the feeling and thought of the Belgians of past times—the noble men to whom the whole world owes a debt of gratitude for crushing the tyranny of Spain at a time when



THE ANTWERP GIANTS.

that power was vigorously directed to stamp out with a bloody heel the last hope of Protestantism.

As a mercantile nation we are also indebted to our Belgian brethren; they were the first to organise trade regulations and establish commerce on a proper basis. No one but the student of mediæval history can form an idea of the absurd restrictions and the dangers that then surrounded commerce. Protective laws of the narrowest scope crippled home trade; dangers

by land and water almost destroyed export trade. Cities exacted taxes, so did nobles, over whose territories merchants passed. If they trusted their property down rivers like the Danube or the Rhine, they were liable to the most monstrous exaction, or sometimes utter confiscation, from the robber-knights who lived in the castles on their banks, and stopped all passers-by for the black-mail that formed their principal, and sometimes their only, income. Honest traders were sometimes incarcerated in



FLEMISH SIGN—"THE RED HOUND."

portant cities; the Hanseatic League was found to be of as much, or more value, than royal concessions and chartered promises, often made to be broken. The local government of these towns was another striking feature, and the magnificent *hotels-de-ville* erected in all of them testify to the regal spirit exhibited by the merchants of the middle ages. Indeed, their pride



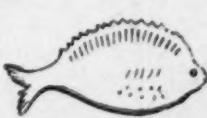
"THE WILD CAT."

was sometimes carried far, as when a deputation waited on Charles V., and used their valuable velvet coats, trimmed with costly furs and gold, to sit upon, as the benches were of wood; the audience over, they rose to depart, and had reached the door, when an attendant came running to remind them of their coats left on the seats behind. "We are not accustomed to carry our



"THE GOOD COW."

cushions away with us," proudly remarked the last of the throng as he passed out of the palace. This pride was doomed to a severe lesson when Alva and his myrmidons came among them; it was subdued, but never extinguished: subdued in consequence of deep trial, and purer thought, the result thereof; but living still, as



FLEMISH SIGN—"THE CARP."

we hope it ever will, in the hearts of the brave and free nations of Belgium and Holland.

Our own relations with both countries were at one time most intimate; readers of Shakespeare will remember "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," an English prince born in the old citadel of Ghent, which stands in the centre of that city. By marriage and inheritance our nobility had interests in the country; by commerce we had much more, and

our great merchantmen were as familiar with the Antwerp Bourse as with the Royal Exchange. In the days of the great Gresham they had their warehouses abroad as well as at home, and the houses of the old traders are shown at Brussels, Antwerp, and other great mercantile towns. But as Venice fell by an

alteration in the route of traffic from the East, Antwerp and Belgium generally suffered from the same cause, accelerated there, however, by internal warfare. The greater equalisation of commerce in the present day has changed the exclusiveness that would have become objectionable or dangerous to the various nations;

Englishman will find the habits of the people more in accordance with his own than those of our more volatile nearer neighbours of France. They possess in a large degree the English love of liberty and home. They have the same tendency to home comforts and enjoyments. Their business habits are distinguished by the steady regularity that has made the English trader



IN THE CATHEDRAL, BRUGES.

and trade is in general hands instead of a few, resting on its own power rather than on restrictive or protective laws.

In taking our leave of this interesting country, we cannot but recur with much pleasure to the wanderings we have indulged in among the

old cities, though we may have felt higher elevation in their picture galleries. Every city has its history, every old house seems to tell an old tale. The wanderer in Ghent or Bruges may often meet with an antique street, which seems not to belong to the present time, as if



THE MADONNA AT BRUGES.

famous; but this may well be the characteristic of a nation that first raised trading to any eminence, and taught the world this great way to wealth. History, even our own, connects itself with every town, Art with every church or public building; "dull must he be of soul" who can ramble in these old cities without deeply feeling the mental advantage he thereby enjoys. It is indeed a privilege to walk where the great



THE MAGDALENE, BY MICHAEL COXIE.

its inhabitants must be only such persons as we see in the marvellous mediæval scenes depicted by their native painter, Leyen, of Antwerp. The picture galleries, glorious with the works of the greatest men, possess a rich store, awaiting visitors who will studiously search among them. Art-rambles can be indulged in here

second to few in interest, and historic places of matchless renown visited; the days pass quickly and pleasantly during a holiday taken in Belgium; how easily that holiday may be secured by a short transit over the narrow seas that separate her shores from our own, we have shown in the first of this series of papers. The



GROUP ATTRIBUTED TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

men of history, the great men in Art, have walked before us; to realise past history by present things; to re-people the old streets, in imagination, with their old inhabitants, when the noble Rubens and the courtly Vandyke gave to the old city of Antwerp a dignity and a glory, which its modern inhabitants, to their great honour, are still proud to acknowledge.

RIVAL MUSEUMS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

"New lamps for old ones," was the attractive cry of Aladdin's pretended uncle when he so cunningly deprived him of his mystic treasure. If we find there suddenly starts up "a new light," purporting to be far superior to the old ones, which have been steadily useful to us very long, may we not reasonably question its claims, and before we quite put our old lamp out, test the real value of the new one, without being at once dazzled by its polished brass?

There must be very few persons who have not felt some pleasurable gratification, or obtained some useful knowledge, from visits to the British Museum. It appeals to all tastes, and can instruct all students by its vast and varied contents. This can only be tested by experience. The general visitor in walking through its galleries may leave them with a somewhat confused idea of a great gathering of rare and curious objects. It is only when the student goes beyond the surface, and finds how complete this great gathering is in all its most minute requirements, that he feels proud of the National collection, and grateful for its possession.

But a rival, under a specious pretence of being something else, has been gradually increasing in importance, year by year, until the public is called upon to pay the heavy expenses of two collections, and is assured that the old collection is comparatively deserted by the public, while the new one enjoys a much larger share of its patronage. It has been said that anything may be proved by figures, and this assertion is no denial of the apothegm. The rules and usages of the two establishments are widely different. The British Museum is only open three days in the week, and never in the evening, when the labouring classes have most time to visit it. Children are rigidly excluded, which keeps the working classes often away. In the winter it is dreary and dismal enough. South Kensington is accessible every day, and is open till ten at night; well lighted and decorated rooms await all comers, and so anxious were its rulers to obtain them, that originally no one was hindered from passing the turn-tables that so unerringly counted visitors; children of six or eight years of age were allowed to drag in others younger, until their presence became a positive nuisance; but squalid as they often were, they had all the value here of voters at an election, and very good use has been made of the sum total obtained by such means.

There must also be remembered another, and probably the greatest source of attraction, and that is the picture galleries, which are always most crowded. Here the rivalry ceases, for even the stuffed monkeys of the British Museum cannot compete with them. The ruling powers at South Kensington (as they have christened their locality, which was, and is, Brompton Park, and Brompton only) know this full well, and a system of clever "conveyancing" has given them pictures from the National collection that ought never to have been removed, and even the Cartoons from a gallery built expressly for them at Hampton Court.

There can be little doubt that the British Museum suffers by the natural tendency of all old institutions to be eternally ruled by its old laws, and to be impatient of all new ones. It is under very peculiar management, and to argue with the directors is about as likely to convince them and pro-

duce reform, as it is to argue with the papacy in Rome. Its higher class officers too, who formerly worked out the behests of the great invisible powers, were often obstructive, and strongly opposed to all modern improvements. When it was proposed to open the collections on great holidays, the principal antagonist to the measure was found in the person of the chief director, who conjured up visions of rifled cases, smashed vases, and broken-nosed marbles, as the certain result of admitting holiday visitors. The collection might be opened in the morning perfect, to be closed in the afternoon a mass of fragmentary ruin! It was, however, thus opened; the result was, a most enormous crowd of visitors, all certainly from the working and lower classes; a day of great fear and trembling for the old director and the few who thought with him; and a large accumulation of dust on the cases and statues from the thousands of visitors, who left no worse record of their visit behind them. Not a work was injured, not a square of glass broken; and London has had a wholesome holiday sight for its visitors and inhabitants ever since.

In many other instances, the ruling powers in Great Russell Street have been obstructive rather than progressive. Hence they have given foot-hold and ultimate power to a formidable rival at South Kensington. As the public have to pay for all, and we have recently had a House of Commons utterly regardless of public expenditure, it becomes necessary that the general public should begin to think for themselves, and not be hoodwinked by any pretensions, however plausible, that dip hands so deeply into the treasury. As we have already established a National Museum, which, however unfortunately ruled by effete routine, is at least honest in its pretension, and has done its work well for ourselves and our fathers before us, we may inquire why we are to create and pay for an unnecessary rival, that has originated under different pretences?

When it was proposed that a museum should be attached to the Schools of Design, the object then clearly intended was that something like the Ceramic Museum at Sévres should be formed, and that the collection should be simply one of *reference for the workman*. Now, we ask any one to walk through the collection, and judge for himself how far this has been carried out. On entering from the road we pass through a long gallery, where only these legitimate works are to be found; but so very ill-selected and incomplete, and thrown together in such wild confusion, that it is evidently looked upon as a lumber-store, and despised by those who have used it as a shoeing-horn to other matters. The interests of the genuine workmen have been neglected in the formation of the Museum, that a gorgeous display might be made of expensive and showy china, enamels, bronzes, &c., that attract other classes, and secure the votes of *dilettante* members of the House of Commons. We have nothing to say against the works of manufacture from Sévres, Dresden, and elsewhere, that fill the cases in the principal saloon; they are all beautiful, and really useful to the student in ceramic Art. This is the true and legitimate mode of forming such a museum. But what shall we say when twenty times the price of any one of these works is given for some mere curiosity prized at a fancy value, and utterly useless as a work of study or reference? We will take the most glaring instance, the small collection of Henri II. ware. There

we find the following, with their prices attached:—

Circular plateau	£140
Small tazza	180
Tazza and cover	450
Small saltcellar	300
Candlestick	750

£1,820

This large sum has been spent in the purchase of five small earthenware objects, that might be all comfortably packed in a hat-box! But it is not this we should object to, if it could be shown that so serious a sum was well spent in what would be useful. These, however, are mere ceramic curiosities *teaching nothing*, and the large sum of money they have cost might be obviously spent upon much better and more useful objects. This is not a mere assertion, but is a truth supported and enforced by the Brompton managers themselves. Look to the prices attached to the finest works of modern ceramics, and then it will be seen that a large number of admirable specimens, enough to fill many cases with really useful *reference* works, might have been purchased for the cost of these five pieces of old ware, whose *proper locality is the British Museum*.

The same may be said of the so-called "Raffaele ware"—plates and dishes. What possible use could any manufacturer make of them? would any student who was about to enter a potter's workshop ever think of wasting his time over them? They are curious and rare, and the modern rage for collecting ceramics has given them fictitious value; but they are crude and offensive in colour, and works to be avoided rather than imitated. These again should be sent as proper additions to the mediæval department of antiquities in the British Museum, where the public already possess some fifty specimens. That being the case, we may surely ask, why they were bought for this new museum at all, particularly at the "fancy prices" which some few moneyed collectors have artificially raised? To make our statement more clear, we will quote the plate purchased at the Bernal sale (No. 1848 of that collection), sold but a few years before at the Stowe sale for £4, and bought by Mr. Bernal for £5. For this £120 was actually given by the Kensington, or Brompton, directors. It is certainly curious as representing an artist painting one of these plates, but it is otherwise perfectly simple in form, void of all ornament, and without any claim whatever to admission in a museum purporting to be *established solely for the working student*.

When we examine the cases holding the bronze works and enamels, we shall see little else but reckless and useless expenditure. What use to the practical workmen of the present day is the reliquary purchased recently at the sale of Prince Soltykoff's collection in Paris for the enormous sum of £2,142? It is never likely to be reproduced, nor to aid in the reproduction of any new work. The managers here seem to revel in "venerable" relics of an utterly useless order. We have from the same collection an enamelled crozier, at the price of £413; an altar cross, price £350; and a "re-table," or folding altar picture, price £342! We will here for once put aside the question of the real value of these things, and allow that they are fully worth what they have cost, yet we shall continue to argue that *this is not the place for them*. Old spoons at £8 each may be also seriously objected to; so may a spoon and fork which cost us £42 at the Pouttales sale; but perhaps the

most absurd purchase of all is a gold coin of Philip of Valois at the price of £12. Surely such things are utterly useless here.

Among the cups we find one, formed from a cocoa-nut mounted in silver, that has been purchased for the large sum of £40 10s.; another, with still less to recommend it, cost £50; but the most absurd purchase of all is a silver dish with the story of Androcles and the Lion embossed on its surface, most miserably bad in design and execution, and surrounded by a border of hideous foliage. This work can only be dated as "early eighteenth century," and has cost us £42. The purchase is utterly indefensible; it can teach nothing, except *what to avoid*, and should be consigned to "the chamber of horrors" once established in this building for the reception of articles of "terrible" bad manufacture.

Let us again call to mind that this is a museum existing only on the plea of being a *collection for the use of students in Art-manufacture*. Of what use to them can those hideous Spanish terra-cottas be, that represent the Saviour and various saints in the most repulsive style? The Saviour is upon the cross, covered with blood and bruises; His knees are bared of flesh, which is blackened round the bones. Is such a figure here to be studied for reproduction? Is it not rather an eye-sore and an offence to a rightly-constituted mind? Less disgusting, but more absurd and useless, is another figure of the Saviour bearing His cross, in a magnificent flowered dress of green and gold, a work of modern date, for which we have had to pay £31 11s. 6d. In close vicinity are some small figures of mounted negroes, dressed in silks like children's dolls, bought for £14 each; and near them is the renowned "hurdy-gurdy" which attracted the notice of the House of Commons when more money for such trash was asked for last session; this little addition to our stock cost £8. Considering other prices, it is lucky for us it was not £80.

We object to the purchase of many of these "curiosities" as utterly useless or totally out of place here, and hitherto nothing more than this has been done; but in a museum of such a nature the principle might be carried farther. Of what use was the purchase of Donatello's small mirror-case at the price of £600, when casts in bronze are to be obtained at £3 and £4 each, particularly as the latter serve every useful purpose, and are more pleasant to the eye than the original.

It would only weary the reader to point out "the Wardour Street branch" of the establishment, the galleries of old furniture and old iron, and pick out all the real curiosities to be found there. We will merely point to one, a kite-shaped shield made for some Florentine tournament, with nothing on it but a grim griffin, which we have obtained at a cost of £40. Such are "the bargains" to be found in every corner by any who may search. We tire over it.

How much of all this gathering properly belongs here, how much would be more properly placed in the British Museum, and how large a part is an *improper purchase* altogether, let any candid visitor judge. We would gladly hail the formation of a good Museum of Decorative and Manufacturing Art, but it is evident that this museum is rapidly forgetting its origin and use, and is becoming a serious tax upon the country for the purchase of very expensive curiosities which have no right to a resting-place under its roof.

Let us now turn to the British Museum,

and see what that establishment does for us in the way of profitable instruction. A glance on the surface of this collection will show its value; but it requires a deeper and more critical examination to fully understand its true worth. The contrast, in appearance, is great between such collections and the national collections at the Louvre, and elsewhere abroad, where they more fully understand the good effect produced by proper display. In our Museum we may find hundreds of specimens of minor antiquities—Egyptian particularly—crammed, one upon the other, in common cases, giving an impression to ordinary visitors that the whole is not worth £5, looking as it does on a par with the stock of a cheap curiosity shop. Were the contents of such a case sent to the Louvre, each article would be mounted on its satin-wood pedestal, arranged with a few others in an ornamental group, and placed on a velvet-covered shelf, in an ebony brass-bound cabinet. Everything there is arranged to give a sense of its value; while in the British Museum it seems to be a determined persistence to detract from the apparent value of every article exhibited as much as possible. Want of space is the excuse for all this; but considering how much there is stowed away in drawers, and never seen by the public, it might be an advantage to stow away a little more, and let us see what we do see properly. Perhaps in no other country than England could so monstrous an excrescence have been affixed to a public building as the glazed sheds that block the portico. It is as if we desired to proclaim to all the world our utter disregard of correct taste, or proper appreciation of Fine Art.

The Art-history of the whole world is as perfectly represented in the great gatherings of our Museum, as in any other existing. Beginning with ancient Egypt, it includes Assyrian and early Eastern Art; then we have the earliest, as well as the finest, works of Greece and Rome. We fail, certainly, in mediæval specimens: here the collection is weak; it is, unfortunately, only recently that attention is paid to this necessary branch of a great national collection. And the rise of the Kensington collection has diverted public money into a new channel—bringing there what should more properly have gone to Great Russell Street.

The student who wants genuine and fine specimens of ornamental Art, will procure an abundance at the British Museum. Nowhere is there a more perfect and exquisite collection of Greek vases; they have been selected with the utmost care; not only are they beautiful in contour and decoration, but of historic or literary interest from the subjects painted on their surfaces. The elegant thought and free-hand drawing in these designs is sometimes marvellous in its perfection. That noble bequest, known as "The Temple Collection," shows that the most fastidious taste has been employed in its formation. All things in it are the best of their kind. The bronzes of Siris are also unrivalled. Payne Knight secured some admirable statuettes, to which additions have lately been made at the Poulton's sale, in Paris.

It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the bassi-relievi and statuary here. The sculptures from the Parthenon are of higher artistic value than any marbles in the vast collection of the Vatican. It will scarcely be credited that it was once seriously proposed that a selection of the best of these and other works in the National collection, should be made, in

order to be carried from thence to South Kensington. So monstrous a proposition, made in the full intoxication of fancied power, shows the great public danger of supporting rival establishments.

It cannot be denied that the British Museum labours under the difficulty of an antique mismanagement. Its ruling power is centered in a Board of Trustees, and the constitution of that board is an obstruction to progress. They are all, doubtless, very excellent gentlemen in their way; they are simply misplaced, and help to nullify the best work of their own subordinate officers. The composition of this board is a curiosity in itself. Let us examine it. The members amount to the large number of 47; but of these one half (23) are members by virtue of certain offices they hold, not by any fitness, natural or acquired, for their places. To them we must add equally inefficient persons, nine in number, who merely sit as trustees for the Sloane, Cotton, and other families, supposed to still require a representative among them. This reduces the elected members to 15, and as their election depends upon the rest, the nature of their claims is often exceedingly visionary. The *ex-officio* trustees exhibit as curious a mixture as the cattle in Noah's ark. Here we have the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Bishop of London and the President of the College of Physicians, mixed up with "family trustees" and "elected trustees" of the most opposite tastes and acquirements. Is it to be wondered at that mismanagement ensues? It has with truth been said, it is no discredit to the prelates, noblemen, and gentlemen who figure in this list, that they have no taste or feeling for certain branches of art, or archaeology, brought before their notice. They are all more or less eminent in some way or other; are men of high positions; but we fail to understand what are the qualifications which have induced the Government to appoint to a trust of so responsible a nature, persons not only not adapted to discharge its duties, by education, by taste, or by scientific or antiquarian knowledge, but positively disqualified by the important offices they hold, or by other engagements. What mischief these gentlemen have done, and may do again, is best illustrated by their conduct in 1854, when the collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, known as "The Faustett Collection," was offered to them for the ridiculously low price of £500. It was a collection unique in its nature, particularly desirable in a British Museum that was singularly wanting in British examples, and one which its officers were particularly anxious to secure. It was refused by the trustees. The Society of Antiquaries, the various archaeological societies, and the best known antiquaries, combined to enlighten these gentlemen by explaining its value in a petition, and appending their signatures. The trustees were irate—they were "not to be dictated to"—refused all further negotiations; and the best opportunity that ever happened, or can happen, of filling the now empty shelves of native antiquities was culpably lost for ever. So great a public disgrace, so great a proof of incapacity, has never attached to any similar body.

The Kensington rulers are "wiser in their generation." They have courted popularity, and improved upon what they have obtained, by offering a luxurious lounge to idlers in rooms richly-decorated, and saloons resplendent with painting and gilding. In fact, the collection in its best part is almost secondary to its gaudy sur-

roundings. Here, again, is a great and unnecessary waste of public money, which might be much better bestowed on ordinary specimens of mechanical Art more useful to the students who belong to this establishment, and for whose benefit alone this museum is supposed to be founded and kept up.

The remedy for all this is simple and practical; but being so, it is almost certain not to be adopted. Let the Kensington Museum take its due and proper position as a Museum of Industrial Art; such a collection as our workmen may refer to for imitation or avoidance; or to study what other nations are doing in the mechanical arts that make their chief trade. Let us have, for instance, the varieties of clays, and the variety of works made from them by different nations, for we should not forget that the wealth of a country depends upon its useful, rather than its luxurious, works. The rough pottery of Holland supplied the whole world with "Delft-ware," and greatly enriched the country of its manufacture; but the Staffordshire potters, with Wedgwood at their head, gave the death-blow to this coarse and profitable trade by producing pottery as cheap for ordinary use, and much superior. It was by the study of clays, and the chemistry of the potter's art, that all this was done; but we find no materials for such study here. The expensive curiosities and antiques brought together are useless for that purpose. Byzantine reliquaries at £2,000 cost, and earthenware candlesticks at £750, are utterly worthless here. All these things should be at once sent to the British Museum, where they are really wanted to perfect the National collection—miserably meagre in this department; and in future the Kensington purchases should be restricted to "ORNAMENTAL ART IN CONNECTION WITH MANUFACTURES," upon which only it finds its claim to existence. There could be no difficulty in making it very instructive to the manufacturer and the artizan, by gathering specimens of works made, and tools used, by the different nations, in the production of the various objects of use and ornament which give them celebrity: in fact, such a "dissection" of each manufacture as we find in the Chemistry of Food Department of this very building, or the series of models and objects in the Educational Department. It would be only a work of time to collect marbles, woods, and clays, used by all nations in their Art-manufactures, and it would be time well spent. We should possess means of large comparison and improvement by such gatherings, and very many objects not a little curious for the general public to examine, and be instructed thereby. We would desire to rival the Ceramic Museum at Sévres, by the variety of pottery of all ages and times gathered here; and in collecting, we would not despise the humblest specimen of what may be a large and profitable national trade. We would have clays, glazes, and all details of each manufacture represented by absolute example. Much of this would be attended with very small expenditure, and many objects would be gladly given by manufacturers for general study. Abundance of room might be found by sending to our great National collection the contents of the "curiosity" cases. But before any liberality of this kind be shown to the British Museum, a revision of its laws, and some change in its rulers, are absolutely necessary. It must conform more to the wants of the age, and be governed by a larger philanthropy than at present characterises it. With the public, then, or rather with the

House of Commons, the question now rests; if they do not cause it to be clearly and definitely arranged, we shall go on gradually starving and debasing our great National collection, to glorify a gaudier rival; rendering ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of Europe, and taxing ourselves with two expensive establishments, whose officers must always be costly and antagonistic.

FRENCH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1867.

This undertaking is beginning to assume a definite form, so far as relates to preliminary arrangements. An opinion has prevailed that some one of the existing buildings recently erected in Paris, as the *Palais de l'Industrie*, or the Crystal Palace, might, by certain processes of modification and extension, be made to serve the purposes of the forthcoming exhibition; but this idea has been completely laid to rest by a decree lately issued by the Imperial Commission, with the approval of the Emperor, which states that a temporary building is to be erected in the *Champ de Mars*; it will be surrounded by a park, intended for living animals and plants, as well as objects too large or unfit for exhibition in the interior of the edifice. Some of the regulations announced require special notice; for example, a committee will at once be appointed to make the exhibition, its objects, and official rules, thoroughly known throughout the provinces of the empire; to furnish, by the end of the month of October in the present year, a list of the principal artists, agriculturists, and manufacturers, whose aid would serve the exhibition; to induce preliminary local exhibitions of agricultural products in each department; to form a commission consisting of scientific men, agriculturists, manufacturers, foremen, and other persons, to study these exhibitions, and report on the use which may be made of the information thus obtained; to arrange for the collection of funds for aiding the working classes in visiting the exhibition; and for the publication of the reports mentioned above. It is thus evident that no pains will be spared to make the display of 1867 one of universal interest and utility.

The classification of works and objects contributed differs considerably from that of former exhibitions; it is divided into ten groups and ninety-five classes. The first group comprises the Fine Arts. The second group consists of the materials and applications of the liberal arts, including printing, stationery, industrial art, photography, music, medical, mathematical, and surgical instruments, maps, geographical and educational apparatus. The third group includes furniture, linen, paper-hangings, plaster and other ornaments, glass, porcelain, carpets, cutlery, goldsmith's work, bronzes, clocks, and watches, perfumery, small wares, &c. The fourth group comprises all objects of personal wear and decoration, together with arms, travelling equipments, and toys. The fifth group includes mining and mineralogy, and whatever productions are associated with, or arise out of, the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The sixth group is to consist of instruments and processes of ordinary art, machinery, tools, and carriages of all kinds, saddlery, railway and telegraphic plants, maritime matters, &c. &c. In group the seventh will be found elementary substances and liquids of every description. Group the eighth comprises living products, the materials of agriculture, useful insects, fish, &c. The ninth group is assigned to horticultural products and materials; and the tenth is to include all objects having special reference to the material and moral welfare of the great mass of the population. This is a mere outline of the proposed scheme of classification, in which the Commissioners are willing, after due consideration, to make any alterations that may be suggested to them. With regard to the first section, or group, artists must bear in mind that no work of Art will be admissible if produced prior to the 1st of January, 1855.

There are several matters of detail, important to intending exhibitors, that are referred to in the decree of the Imperial Commission, but which it is unnecessary for us to point out, at least in the present stage of the proceedings; and it is probable that before this number of our Journal is in the hands of the public, further announcements will be made by the authorities which will yet more fully develop their plans for the guidance of exhibitors both native and foreign.

So far as our own country is concerned, we have every reason to know, from the various communications which have reached us, that England will not be behind in this great peaceful international struggle for pre-eminence. Our manufacturers, we confidently believe, are making, or will make, strenuous efforts to maintain the high rank they have taken in past displays of this nature, and to show that the good opinions extorted from their foreign rivals have only stimulated them to renewed exertion after still greater success.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts held its annual meeting on the 22nd of July. The report stated that during the year which had just closed, 1,547 new subscribers had been enrolled. The total number of members was 4,582, showing an increase over the previous year of 373. The committee has purchased from the recent exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, at a cost of £1,783 19s., thirty-one paintings, nine water-colour drawings, and one marble bust; and in addition to these paintings and other works, the committee had commissioned for distribution among the subscribers for the year just ended fifty statuettes in statuary porcelain, by Copeland, of the marble statuette after Stoc's colossal statue of Sir Walter Scott. Eight engravings in illustration of Scott's "Waverley" are to be circulated among all the subscribers for the present year.

DUBLIN.—The returns, up to the date of August 1, show that 300,000 persons have visited the International Exhibition. The building, its contents, and gardens, are now not only fully completed, but are yet seen in all their freshness and beauty. Visitors are daily treated with musical entertainments of the highest order, including the bands of the different regiments now stationed in the garrison of the town, and also by the performances of some of the most distinguished organists of the day from the cathedrals at home and on the continent. The grounds attached to the Exhibition are beautifully laid out and studded with fountains, cascades, &c., which, with the tasteful arrangement of the flower-beds, give a pleasant appearance to the entrance from Harcourt Street, situated on the south side. Every country of the globe not only is represented by its exhibitions, but by the number of tourists who are daily pouring into the capital of Ireland; and from the excellent arrangements made by the executive committee to meet every exigency, the greatest satisfaction is expressed. The collection of modern sculpture, unrivalled in any former exhibition in this or any other country, has been lately further enriched by the addition of some very attractive works, including the 'Drawing Girl,' by Magni. It is with gratification we find that the public wants of every part of the United Kingdom have been liberally responded to by both railway and steamboat companies in the shape of cheap excursions from almost every town and village.

TENBY.—The "Welsh Memorial" of the late Prince Consort was unveiled last month in the presence of Prince Arthur, as representing the Queen. It consists of a colossal statue of the late Prince, by Mr. J. E. Thomas, standing on a pedestal eighteen feet high. The statue is placed in an elevated position on the Castle Hill, Tenby.

ANGLO-FRENCH "SKILLED WORK"
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The desire to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of peace between France and England having suggested to some members of our working classes an International Exhibition of skilled labour, as a signal and appropriate demonstration to mark the accomplishment of such a period, a deputation of English workmen proceeded to Paris to invite the co-operation of the working classes of Paris. The deputation was received with much enthusiasm, and an influential committee was at once formed to give effect to the proposal. The project was taken up by the public journals both of England and France; the authorities of the Society of Arts and South Kensington promised their countenance and aid, and there is a highly respectable list of guarantors, who are responsible for a sum amounting to more than eight hundred pounds. Thus every circumstance considered, such an exhibition ought to be a success. The gallery was opened to the public on the 7th of August, but there was as yet a conspicuous absence of French articles, and this is perhaps not without reason, for most of the skilled workmen in France are engrossed by the Great Exhibition of 1867, and among ourselves there are at this time many circumstances adverse to such a project; but as it was proposed to solicit articles on loan for exhibition, this resource might supply a most attractive feature to the collection in default of a deficiency of recent productions. The local exhibitions of skilled work that have recently risen into notice cannot fail to militate against a movement of this kind, as there are 'hundreds' of cunning hands at work on objects of beauty and curiosity, which the producers prefer to reserve for their own district gathering. In what may be called an International Exhibition, the reception, however, of many of the classes of contributions that are admitted into local exhibitions is especially to be deprecated.

The term "skilled work" should be interpreted with a discrimination equally jealous of what it is, and of what it is not. The authorities of the Crystal Palace have conceded an ample space for this exhibition, and it would be popular and successful not less with a considerable proportion of works lent, than with a catalogue of productions entirely new, should it be found that similar recent occasions have temporarily exhausted the articles which workmen have had opportunities of executing on their own account. Loan exhibitions have been deservedly successful, and there are in the possession of private individuals innumerable objects which would give great and varied interest to such an assemblage. The space that has been allowed is an extensive portion of the gallery, in a line with, but beyond, the Picture Gallery, and of the classes of products received, the useful articles outnumber the beauties of the collection. We have remarked that the French contributions are not numerous, although, perhaps, a large assortment of what our neighbours themselves call *articles de Paris* might have been expected; but, in order that these should be interesting, they should be novelties; it is presumed, however, that these are reserved for the great occasion of 1867. The announcement of the plan must have been industriously and extensively circulated, for every imaginable human want in the direction of domestic usefulness and luxury can here be found.

Considering the auspices under which this exhibition has been originated and matured, we are justified in expecting a display beyond those of ordinary occasions. But the means and opportunities of workmen are so limited, that if the exhibition was to be strictly a show of the products of the craftsmen themselves, it could not be supposed that the scale of their labours would equal that of their employers. There are, however, distributed throughout the gallery numerous examples of laborious ingenuity not to be surpassed in their respective classes. Some of the foreign carved work possesses rare merit; there are two tanks for flowers in a carved framework of walnut wood, of which the designs, all

in high relief, consist of birds, branches of trees, and foliage. In the same category are two cheval glasses supported between pillars of drawers, wherein are carved, wherever space for panels occurs, groups of nude Albano-like children, some occupied as hunters, others as bird catchers, &c. A carved gun-case (312), with two side figures, by Messrs. Ribellier and Co., is a work of much artistic taste. The figure and relief carving in walnut is as highly finished as any work in that material can be. There is also a Gothic cabinet of extraordinary richness, exhibited by the same firm; an oak library chair (284), of beautiful design, by John Allen; a flower-stand (297), Victor and Edward Wirth; a tea-caddy, in white wood, by Baylis; and in the same department of enriched furniture, cabinets, writing-desks, liqueur cases, wardrobes, book-cases, billiard tables, &c., all of excellent construction. There is a small show of sculptural works, among which is conspicuous a marble bust of the Virgin, in alto-relievo, of much beauty (475), by James Forsyth; and near this are examples of photo-sculpture, or busts, worked out from photographs—but these are very hard in execution—besides groups and figures after ancient and modern sculptors. The lamps of Madame Moreau are distinguished by beauty of design and elegance of ornamentation. Some of the models of engines will be much admired;—one of these, by Messrs. Maudslay's workmen, is valued at £2,000—with many other engines of various make, by different engineers, and these are works wherein English artisans surpass all others. The examples generally are remarkable for some excellence of embellishment or construction, and this even is carried into articles of every-day utility in cutlery, tools, leather-work, iron-work, embossing, chasing, jewellery, porcelain, glass, &c. The stained imitations of satin and other woods, executed by the Belgrave Furniture Company, are more successful than any grain-painting we have ever seen; and there are also painted enrichments of oak and other panelling by Lovegrove, much in advance of what is commonly practised in this department. As a labour of love Mr. Phillips' Golden Eagle is one of the most remarkable imitations of animated nature that has ever been produced. It is here, and although already known to the public its construction can never be considered without admiration, every feather in the living bird having been exactly copied in brass or copper with a lightness so extraordinary that the whole resembles natural plumage. Much attention will be drawn to a beautiful model of the *Alexandra*, the "clipper steamer," which was built to run the American blockade, but was purchased by our Government, to prevent further complication between the two countries. The vessel is now plying between London and Gravesend, the first instalment, it is said, of a class of river-boats in all things superior to those that have been hitherto employed in the navigation of the Thames. The models of shipping are, as usual in such exhibitions, numerous; and there are some minutely finished field and ship guns, of which a new pattern breach-loader, by a maker named Gardner, will doubtless interest a certain section of visitors. Some of the jewellery designs of J. B. Louis Laine are extremely chaste; others will meet the eccentric taste of our mercurial neighbours—one especially, a brooch in which are embodied the attributes of the turf, a horse's fore-leg entwined with a whip, a jockey-cap, and a pair of stirrups. If these designs are shown in execution there will be bracelets, brooches, stomachers—classic, renaissance, and rocco—of great value, in diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. The list of the Paris Committee would lead us to augur a brilliant contribution of French products, as it presents the names of twenty influential persons, among whom are the editors of the *Siecle*, *Le Temps*, *L'Association*, *L'Avenir National*, and *L'Economiste Francais*, besides efficient representatives of engineering, engraving, bronzing, cabinet making, metal casting, &c. Under such auspices, and with conditions so favourable, the collection ought to be attractive, and this we hope to be able to say of it when it is fittingly displayed.

PEVENSEY BAY,

FROM CROWHURST PARK.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

AMONG the numerous examples of pleasant landscape scenery in Sussex, it would be difficult to find one more inviting than this view from Crowhurst Park, between Battle and Hastings. The mansion stands, as the engraving shows it, on ground of very considerable elevation, looking down on a wide extent of richly-cultivated and well-timbered country, more or less undulating, and interspersed with picturesque villages, beyond which is Pevensey Bay, backed by the lofty Downs whereof Beachy Head is the extreme point, at a distance of about fourteen miles "as the crow flies." No engraving, even from a picture painted by Turner, can convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the scenery; and from the simple fact that it possesses no striking object, or series of objects, to arrest the eye; whatever it has in this way is lost in the distance, or swallowed up, so to speak, by its surroundings. All beyond the brow of the hill which forms the foreground, is a vast chequered mass of woods and fields, and patches of homely dwellings guarded, as it were, by the village church. And yet Turner, with the skill that was habitual to him, has given great pictorial interest to his work, by the manner in which the accessories are introduced, especially the group of light, feathery trees, in the middle distance, which fill up what otherwise would have been a comparatively blank space, while they help to throw back the whole tract of country beyond. The sky, too, is finely rendered in the variety of forms given to the clouds, and in gradation of colour, some silvery grey, others of deeper tone.

No one who now looks upon this extent of landscape scenery, characterised by all the attributes of peaceful civilisation, would suppose that it was once a thriving commercial locality, and of sufficient importance to attract the feet of invading armies. Pevensey, now an insignificant village, was, in the earlier part of the history of our country, one of the chief ports for communication with France and Flanders. Earl Godwin, with his son Harold, then in rebellion against their king, Edward the Confessor, attacked Pevensey in 1043, taking and destroying many ships. Sveyn, eldest son of Godwin, entered the port with eight vessels, on his return to England, after being compelled to fly the country after his abduction of the Abbess of Leominster; and it was in Pevensey Bay that William of Normandy landed with his army, and then marched to Hastings to fight the battle which gave him the crown of England. Down to the time of Henry III. the port was still open to vessels, but from that period it rapidly fell into disuse, in consequence of the withdrawal of the sea.

Pevensey, in its flourishing days, was defended by a castle of great strength, which existed as a fortress even so late as the reign of Elizabeth. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, took refuge here, when the garrison withstood a siege by the army of William Rufus, and capitulated only when supplies of provisions failed. Stephen attacked it in person, but met with so gallant a reception from Gilbert, Earl of Clare, that he abandoned the attempt to take it. In 1265, Simon Montford, son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester, vainly endeavoured to get possession of the fortress; and in 1300 Lady Jane Pelham, wife of Sir John Pelham, successfully defended it for the Duke of Lancaster against the partisans of the deposed king, Richard II.



DRAWN BY J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.

PEVENSEY BAY.

FROM CROWHURST PARK

ENGRAVED BY W. B. COOKE.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:
A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT
MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

AMELIA OPIE.



AMELIA OPIE lived to be eighty-four years old. I saw her but a short time before her death, sitting in an easy chair—she was then very lame—in her drawing-room at Norwich; and the ruling passion was still alive, for she was neatly and gracefully dressed, and moved as if she would rise from her seat to welcome me. She had preserved other of the attributes of her youth, and in her "the beauty of age" was a charming picture. She was the only child of James Alderson, M.D., and was born on the 12th of November, 1769, in the parish of St. George, Norwich, and in that city she died on the 2nd of December, 1853, having passed there nearly the whole of her life; for when she became a widow she returned to it, and, with few brief intermissions, it was ever afterwards her home.

Although she had written somewhat at an earlier age, she did not become an author

until after her marriage. That event took place in 1798. Late in the previous year she wrote to one of her friends, "Mr. Opie (but mum) is my declared lover." She hints, however, that her heart was pre-engaged, and that she "ingenuously" told him so. He persisted, nevertheless. At that time, she adds, "Mr. Holcroft also had a mind to me," but he "had no chance." She was "ambitious of being a wife and mother," and "willing to wed a man whose genius had raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence." Her future husband she first saw at an evening party, entering (as her friend and biographer, Lucy Brightwell, states) bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers." The somewhat venerable painter, John Opie, was "smitten" at first sight. He was a widower (or rather, he had divorced his wife), aged thirty-six—she, "sweet eighteen." He was rugged and unpolished; she had the grace and lightness of a sylph. He (according to

Dear friend, Allow me to assure thee in plain prose of my most earnest wishes for thy happiness
5th M^o 1832—Amelia Opie

Allan Cunningham) looked like an inspired peasant; she, if her admirers are to be credited, had the form and mind of an angel. Yet they were married, in Marylebone Church, on the 8th May, 1798; and the young bride preserved a record of her trousseau—"blue bonnet, eight blue feathers,

twelve other feathers, two blue Scotch caps, four scollop'd edged caps à la Marie Stuart, a bead cap, a tiara, two spencers with lace frills, et cetera, et cetera."

Opie was not rich; "great economy and self-denial were necessary," and so she became "a candidate for the pleasures, the

pangs, the rewards, and the penalties of authorship."

"Gaiety" was her natural bent; not so that of her husband; yet she did her duty by him from first to last; and as, no doubt, she expected little of romance, giving her husband more respect than love, her married life passed in easy contentment, until his death, on the 9th of April, 1807, and his burial in St. Paul's, in a grave beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. She bears testimony to the "general worth and natural kindness" of her husband; yet he was undoubtedly a coarse man, as one who knew him well writes, "rugged and unpolished, to say the least," although, as Haydon described him, "of strong understanding, manly, and straightforward."

She is described, at that period, as exceedingly beautiful, intellectual, refined, graceful, and altogether lovely. She sung sweetly, painted skilfully, and was remarkably brilliant in conversation; and it must have astonished many to find the lovely, fascinating, and accomplished girl, preferring Opie to the host of lovers that gathered in her wake.

From that far away time, she was a widow; as she mournfully writes in after years, "a lone woman through life, an only child, a childless widow," yet ever as maid, wife, and widow, enjoying society, for some time the gayest of the gay, but always without spot or blemish, slander never having touched her fame. Yes, she was all her life long "true and lovely, and of good report."

She did not join the Society of "Friends" until the year 1825, although she attended their meetings much earlier. In 1814 she writes, "I left the Unitarians;" but it does not appear that she was ever in actual connection with that body, although she had frequent intercourse with them, and held "unsettled opinions" concerning the Christian faith.

In 1825 her father died. He, too, had "accepted Christianity," was "a believer in the atoning work of the Saviour," and, if not a Quaker, was, notwithstanding, interred in the Friends' burying ground at Norwich, in a grave in which his daughter was laid more than a quarter of a century afterwards.

No doubt it was her intimacy with the family of the Gurneys (honoured be the name, for it has long been, and is, that of many good women and good men) that led to her joining the Society of Friends. It is said, indeed, that she had an early attachment to one of them, Joseph John Gurney. He had known her when "a gay and lively girl," when she was a beautiful and young widow, and when she was sedate and aged; and perhaps, as far as we can think and see, it is to be lamented that she did not become his wife; for that they had devoted friendship each for the other, there can be no doubt.

It was soon after she had become a Quaker we first knew her. As a trait of character, I may mention that about this time, I had occasion to write and ask her to furnish a story for a work I was then conducting, "The Amulet." In reply, she stated it was opposed to her principles to write a *story*, but she would send me an *anecdote*. She did so, and the distinction made no difference, for a very touching and pathetic story, called "an anecdote," I received.

Not long afterwards, we made her acquaintance. She was then verging upon fifty, but looked much younger. Her personal appearance then might be described by the single word "sonsy." Her full bust,

upright form, and stately carriage, were indicative of that rare privilege of age:

"Life to the last enjoyed."

Despite somewhat of severity in her quick blue eye, her manner and appearance were extremely prepossessing. There was a pleasant mixture of simplicity and coquetry in the folds of the pure white kerchief scrupulously arranged over a grey silk dress of the richest fabric, though plainly made and entirely without ornament. One of her Quaker friends describes her cap as "of beautiful lawn, and fastened beneath her chin with whimpers, which had small crimped frills." Her hair, of a singular colour, between flaxen and grey, was worn in waving folds, in front. It had a natural wave, but, of course, was never curled. Her carriage was erect, her step firm and rapid, her manner decided, her voice low and sweet in tone, her smile perfect sunshine. She "flirted" a fan with the ease and grace of a Spanish donna; and if her bright, inquiring, and restless eyes made one rather nervous at a first interview, the charm of her smile, and the winning grace of her nature, placed one at ease after a few minutes' conversation. Still, the incessant sparkling of those quick blue eyes told

"that 'e'en in the tranquillest climes,
Light breezes might ruffle the flowers sometimes."

When we met in after years, the restless manner was much calmed. As the face became less beautiful it grew more soft, less commanding, but more loveable.

Miss Brightwell thus pictures her:— "She was about the standard height of woman, her hair was worn in waving folds in front, and behind it was seen through the cap, gathered into a braid. Its colour was peculiar—between flaxen and grey; it was unusually fine and delicate, and had a natural bend or wave. . . . Her eyes were especially charming: there was in them an ardour mingled with gentleness, that bespoke her true nature." She was aged when Miss Brightwell wrote this, but she pictures her also in youth—no doubt from hearsay. "Her countenance was animated, bright, and beaming; her eyes soft and expressive, yet full of ardour; her hair abundant and beautiful, of auburn hue; her figure well formed, her carriage fine, her hands, arms, and feet well shaped; and all around and about her was the spirit of youth, and joy, and love."

Yet, although a member of the Society of Friends, and bound by duty to be sedate, the old leaven clung to her through life—innocently and harmlessly; and there was no sin in her occasional murmurs of self-reproach—"Shall I ever cease to enjoy the pleasures of the world? I fear not!"

In truth, she never did. And so her Diary oddly minglest gaieties with gravities, May meetings with brilliant evenings, labours of love and works of charity with half-idolatrous hero-worship; and if there occur records of worldly sensations, at which an Elder among the Friends might shake his head and sigh, there are many such passages as these:—"Went to the jail—have hopes of one woman."—"Called to see that poor wretched girl at the workhouse; mean to get the prayer-book I gave her out of pawn."

Mrs. Opie was brought up as "ultra-liberal." Her sympathies were with the people. They were often exercised, at the close of the past, and the beginning of the present, century, when advocacy of freedom was a crime, and there was peril even in free interchange of thought. But though a liberal in politics, her heart had room enough for all humankind: her bounty

was large, and her charities were incessant. Among other merciful projects, in conjunction with Mrs. Fry—another of the earth's excellents—she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries. In 1829 a project had been actually "set on foot—an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor," a project much encouraged by Southey, who considered that "nothing in the system need be adopted at variance with the feelings of a Protestant country."

Mrs. Fry did actually establish a society of "nursing sisters," and I believe it is in existence still.

It was in reference to his belief in the peculiar fitness of Amelia Opie to carry out this work of wisdom and mercy, that Southey thus wrote of her in his "Colloquies":—

"One who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay; admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in

the relations of private life; one, who having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion, while attending upon her father during the long and painful infirmities of his old age, and who has now joined the lively faith for which her soul thirsted; not losing, in the change, her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness; for with these Nature had endowed her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them."

So far back as the year 1818, Mrs. Hall was acquainted with Mrs. Fry, of whom it may be emphatically said, "her works do follow her"; and Mrs. Hall supplies me with this "memory" of that estimable woman:—

"It was my privilege to accompany her more than once to Newgate, some years, however, after she had commenced her Herculean and most merciful task of reforming that prison. I first met her at the house of William Wilberforce—to whom humanity still owes a large debt, although it has been, in part, paid by the abolition



THE DWELLING OF AMELIA OPIE AT NORWICH.

of negro slavery in all lands where the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken. The great philanthropist was then living at Brompton, and after a lapse of so many years, I recall my sensations of intense happiness when, in my dawn of youth, conversing with that venerable man.

"Newgate, when first visited by Elizabeth Fry, was a positive Aceldama. The women were all in rags; no care of any kind having been given to their clothing, and almost as little to their food. They slept without bedding on the floor of their prison, the boards raised in parts to furnish a sort of pillow. With the proceeds of their noisy beggary from occasional visitors they purchased spirits—at a tap-room within the jail; and the ear was constantly outraged by frightfully revolting language. Though military sentinels were placed at intervals, even the governor entered their part of the prison with misgiving and reluctance.

"Things had, however, changed for the better when I accompanied Mrs. Fry to Newgate. She had been at her work—and not in vain—during five years. My com-

panion was the Rev. Robert Walsh, one of the most dear and valued friends of my girlhood—of my womanhood also. His children and his grandchildren are of my best and most beloved friends to-day.†

"But of Elizabeth Fry. I do not remember how it came about; yet I can see myself now clasping her hand between mine, and entreating to be taken with her—once, only once; and I can recall the light and beauty that illuminated her features—the gentle smile and look of kindness—as she moved back the hair from my moist eyes, and said, 'Thy mother will trust thee with me and thy friend the doctor. Her heart is urged to this for good; do not check the natural impulse of thy child, friend,' addressing my dear mother; 'better for thy

* In another of his letters Southey says of Amelia Opie:—"I like her in spite of her Quakerism, nay, perhaps the better for it; for it must be always remembered in what sect she was bred up, among what persons she had lived, and that religion was never presented to her in a serious form until she saw it in drab."

† Dr. Walsh was, during many years, Chaplain to the Embassies at Constantinople and at Rio, and his works on Turkey and Brazil retained places in all libraries. He died Rector of Finglas, near Dublin, honoured and beloved.

future in her, to hear her pleading to visit those with whom the Lord is dealing in His mercy, than for thy sanction to visit scenes of pleasure, where there can be gathered no fruit for hereafter.' I felt the words as a reproof; for only the night before, I had seen the elder Kean play Macbeth. It was the first time I had been at a Theatre, and the consequent excitement had kept me awake all night. Her words made me thoughtful. I remember removing the rosette from my bonnet, and putting on my gravest coloured dress, to accompany Elizabeth Fry to Newgate.

"Hannah More, speaking of this heroic 'Friend,' pictured her well:—'I thought of her as of some grand woman out of the Old Testament—as Deborah judging Israel under the palm-tree.'

"When in repose, there was an almost unapproachable dignity in Mrs. Fry. Her tall figure; the lofty manner in which her head was placed on its womanly pedestal; her regal form, and the calmness of her firm, yet sweet voice, without an effort on her part, commanded attention. You felt her

power: the moment you entered her presence; but when she read and expounded the Scripture, and above all, when she prayed, the grandeur of the woman became the fervour of the saint. In person she was not unlike Amelia Opie, though obviously of a 'stronger' nature, and, though by no means unfeminine, more masculine in form.

"When I passed with her and Dr. Walsh, and a lady whose name I have forgotten, into the dreaded prison, and heard the loud gratings of the rattling keys in the locks, and the withdrawing and drawing of the bolts, and felt the gloom and damp of the walls, and heard my friends speak with bated breath, and then saw the door open, and a number of women—marked by 'the trail of the serpent'—I should have been glad to have been anywhere but where I was. 'Wilt thou go back, young friend?' whispered a kind voice. I looked up to her sweet face, and laying my hand in hers, felt strengthened in her strength. A Bible was on the table, and a chair and hassock were beside it; but before she read

so fervent, that few were there whose moistened eyes did not bear testimony to its influence. She seemed to know and feel every individual case, to share every individual sorrow, and to have a ready balm for every separate wound. I can see the radiance of her face through the long lapse of years, and recall the 'winningness' of her voice, so clear and penetrating, yet so tender. When she paused—remaining silent awhile—and then rose to withdraw, the women did not crowd towards her, as on her first entrance, but continued hushed, and gathered together; indeed, several were too overpowered for words, but gazed on her as if she were an angel, and—was she not?

"It was my privilege to repeat my visit. The second was but a repetition of the first—a few new faces, and some of the old ones gone! among them the girl whose child Mrs. Fry had taken under her own care. The mother had been sent over seas—for a crime that would now be atoned for by a few weeks' incarceration.

"Amid the admirably performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls 'bitter,' that holy woman never wavered from her holy Mission; removing with marvellous patience the chains of mind as well as of body, that weighed so heavily upon the human race, and teaching the liberty that only the Christian appreciates, values, or enjoys."

Our most interesting intercourse with Amelia Opie occurred in Paris, in February, 1831, not long after the so-called "three glorious days." We had met and chatted with her at the receptions of the Baron Cuvier, where, among the philosophers, she was staid and stately.

And the Baron Cuvier is a rare memory. His thick and somewhat stubbed form; his massive head containing the largest quantity of brain ever allotted to a single human being; his broad and high forehead; his features far more German than French; his manner sedate almost to severity: such is the picture I recall of the marvellous man, the parent of many great men who have opened to us the portals of New Worlds.*

But one memorable evening we had the honour of passing in the Salons of General Lafayette—the venerable soldier whose singular career of glory was then drawing to a close. The occasion was eventful: there were present many young Poles. The fatal struggle was then commencing in Poland; they were on the eve of departure, and had come to bid the aged hero adieu, and receive his blessing. It was touching in the extreme to see the old man kissing the cheek of each young soldier as he advanced, place a hand upon his head, and give the blessing that was asked for.

Suddenly we were somewhat startled by a buzz and an audible whisper; we could only make out the words *Sœur de Charité*, and walking with formal state up the room, we saw Amelia Opie, leaning on the arm of a somewhat celebrated Irishman (O'Gorman Mahon), six feet high, and large in proportion, with peculiarities of dress that enhanced the contrast between him and his companion. She was habited as usual in her plain grey silk, and Quaker cap.**

* These lines, descriptive of Cuvier, were written by Mrs. Opie, after his death:—

** 'Twas sweet that voice of melody to hear,
Distinct, sonorous, stealing on the ear;
And watch, to mark some sudden gesture thru'—
The hair aside, that veiled that wondrous brow,—
That brow, the throne of genius and of thought,
And mind, which all the depths of science sought.'



AMELIA OPIE'S SITTING-ROOM AT NORWICH.

or prayed, Mrs. Fry went to each individually. Not one word of reproof fell from her to any, though several were loud in their complaints against one particular woman, who really looked like a fiend. She took that woman apart, reasoned with her, soothed her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and the hard, stubborn, cruel (for I learned afterwards how cruel she had been) nature relented, and tears coursed each other down her cheeks. 'She promises to behave better,' she said, 'and thou wilt not taunt her, but help her to be good. And He will help her who bears with us all!' She had an almost miraculous gift of reading the *inner* nature of all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to show a peculiar interest in each; while each felt as if the mission was specially to her. I shall never forget the wild scream of delight of a young creature, who fell at her feet, to whom she had said, 'I have seen thy child.' One of the women told the girl that if she was not quiet, she could not remain for the prayer. I remember even now how she clenched her

hands on her bosom, to still its heavings, and how she kept in her sobs, while her bright glittering eyes followed every movement of Mrs. Fry, when she added, 'Thy child is well, and has cut two teeth, and thy mother seems so fond of her!'

"This preparation for prayer and teaching occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, and eager and even noisy as some of those poor women had previously been, when Mrs. Fry sat down and opened THE BIBLE, the only sound that was heard was the suppressed sobs of the girl to whom Mrs. Fry had spoken of her child. There was something very appalling in the instantaneous silence of these dangerous women, subdued in a moment into the stillness which so frequently precedes a thunderstorm. The calm and silvery tones of the reader's earnest voice fell like oil on troubled waters. Gradually the expressions of the various faces changed into what may well be called reverential attention. Her prayer I remember thinking very short, but comprehensive; its entreaties were so earnest, so anxious,

temed beneath her chin with whimpers which had small crimped frills." No wonder such a vision of simplicity and purity should have startled gay Parisian dames, few or none of whom had the least idea of the nature of the costume; but the good old General selected her from a host of worshippers, and seemed jealous lest a rival should steal the fascinating Quaker from his side.

To Lafayette and his family, Mrs. Opie was greatly attached. She described him as "a delightful, loveable man," "a handsome, blooming man of seventy," "humble, simple, and blushing at his own praises;" and in allusion to her appearance at one of his "receptions," she writes:—"I sighed when I looked at my simple Quaker dress, considered whether I had any business there, and slunk into a corner." But that was when the general "received" in state at the Etat Major of the Garde Nationale, and not when she was "at home" with him and his family at "the Grange."

It was at this time she sat to the sculptor David for the medal I have engraved. David was a small, undignified man, much pock-marked. He was to the last a fierce republican; as fierce, though not as ruthless, as his relative and namesake, the painter. I saw much of him during several after visits to Paris.

Mrs. Opie occupied an entresol in the Hotel de la Paix, and a servant, with something of the appearance of a sobered-down soldier in dress and deportment, waited in the anteroom of the Quaker dame to announce her visitors. Singularly enough, Mrs. Opie was never more at home than in Paris, where her dress in the streets, as well as at the various *rénunions*, attracted much attention and curiosity, the Parisians believing she belonged to some religious order akin to the Sisters of Charity.

The last time Mrs. Opie visited London was to see the Great Exhibition in 1851. There she was wheeled about in a garden chair. She retained much of her original freshness of form and mind, and was cheerful and "chatty." In the brief conversation I had with her, surrounded as she was by friends who loved, and strangers who revered, her, she recalled our pleasant intercourse in Paris, murmuring more than once, "How many of them have gone before!"

In the autumn of that year I chanced to be in Norwich, and there my last visit to her was paid at her residence in the Castle Meadow. The house exists no longer, but a picture of it has been preserved by her friend, Lucy Brightwell, and I have engraved it; plain house though it was, and fitly so, its memory is hallowed.

The room was hung with portraits, principally of her own drawing;* flowers she was never without. She was delighted with its cheerful outlook, and described it as a "pleasant cradle for a reposing age." From her windows she saw "noble trees, the castle turrets," and "the woods and rising grounds of Thorpe." She was thankful that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places." There, venerated and loved, she dwelt from 1848 to her death.

She was at that time very lame, yet the courtesy of her nature was manifested in an effort to rise and give me a cordial welcome, chatting pleasantly and cheerfully of gone-by people and times.

She described her dwelling in a letter

* It was her custom, from a very early period, to take profile likenesses, in pencil, of those who visited her; several hundreds of these sketches were preserved in books and folios."

written to Mrs. Hall, dated 8th Month, 4, 1851:—

"I am glad Mr. Hall liked my residence. I had long wished for it. The view is a constant delight to me. My rooms are rather too small, but my sitting-rooms and chamber being *en suite*, they suit a lame body as I now am; and below I have three parlours, two kitchens, and a pretty little garden—for a town. I have a second floor and an attic which commands Norwich and the adjacent country; but this is thrown away on me—I have seen it, and that is enough. The noble trees, flowery shrubs, and fine acacias, round the castle keep, into which I am daily looking, have to me an unsailing charm. The road runs under my window; and I have seen many groups of *les tiers étages* hastening along, evidently to the Monday cheap train to London. It is a pleasant sight. The wind is rather high, and the trees I have told thee of are waving and bending their light branches so gracefully and invitingly before me, that I could almost fancy they were bowing to me, and get up to return the compliment however *gauchely*. After this extraordinary

flight of fancy, it is necessary that I should pause awhile to recover it—so farewell! Thy loving friend,

"AMELIA OPIE."

It was obvious, however, that the time of her removal was drawing on. The death of her dear friend, Joseph John Gurney, one of "the excellent of the earth," in 1847—of Dr. Chalmers soon afterwards—and of other beloved friends and relatives—affected her much, though she bore her losses resignedly, if not cheerfully, bowing in submission to the Divine Will, remembering her favourite text,—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Age and infirmities had been creeping on; the comforting influence of the good Bishop Stanley was continually with her: numerous friends thronged around her: she still manifested interest in all they said and did. But, in 1849, Bishop Stanley died. She loved that good man very dearly, and his death was accepted as a warning that her own was near at hand. Writing to Mrs.



THE BURIAL-PLACE OF AMELIA OPIE.

Hall, in 1851, she says,—speaking of the good man's grave,—"It is covered by a large black marble slab, with a deep border round of variegated marble, the colours black and grey. He lies in the middle of the great aisle of the cathedral, and when the painted glass window, as a memorial to his memory, is finished, and placed over the great western gates of entrance, it is thought that the rays of the setting sun, on which he loved to gaze, will shine upon the stone that covers his 'dear remains.'"

She suffered much, yet was cheerful, buoyant, and happy to the last; and at midnight on the 2nd of December, 1853, she breathed her last, murmuring "all is peace!—all is mercy!" And so she joined the good and holy spirits—her friends in life and after life,—who had been waiting to give her welcome.

The good works she did on earth she considered and has characterized thus:—

* Another of her friends was Archdeacon Wrangham. I knew him well: he was a tall, slight man, of exceedingly gentle and attractive manners; with the ease and grace and persuasive eloquence of a Christian gentleman. He had a propensity to translate favourite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial, where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable.

"They are good only as the evidence of Faith."

She was interred in the Friends' burying ground, at the Gildencroft,—in the same grave with her father, and in association with so many of her beloved friends. At the extreme left side of the ground, beneath an elm tree that overshadows the wall, is a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with the dates of their births and deaths.

Dear Amelia Opie—her nature was essentially feminine in its gifts, its graces, its goodness, its weakness, and its vanities; truthful, generous, and considerate ever: pure of heart and upright in walk and conversation, her memory is without a blot; her precepts are those of Virtue; and her example was their illustration and their comment:—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!"

* These are the words of her affectionate biographer, Lucy Brightwell, in a little memoir published by the Religious Tract Society:—"Should any wanderer, at some future day, desire to visit the grave of Amelia Opie, he will find at the extreme left of the ground, beneath an elm tree that overshadows the wall, a small slab, bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie, with their ages and the dates of their deaths."

ART-UNION OF LONDON:
EXHIBITION OF PRIZES.

The prize pictures of the Art-Union are this year exhibited in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; a change advantageous for more reasons than one—although, perhaps, the principal cause of the removal was the difficulty of transporting the marble group 'The Wood Nymph,' to which, it may be remembered, was awarded the prize on the occasion of the competition held at Kensington: in the conveyance of a sculptural composition presenting so many points of delicate carving, a few stairs less to be ascended would be a material consideration. Moreover, in the large room of the Society of British Artists the pictures always looked sparse; whereas in the smaller gallery in Pall Mall, they appear more compact.

The amount of subscriptions for the year was £11,743; that is, £726 less than last year. Indeed, the subscription for 1865 falls short of those of the two preceding years; but from the commencement fluctuation has in a remarkable degree characterised the receipts of the Society, and this is a feature entirely beyond the control of the management. The sum set apart for prize paintings, drawings, and sculpture, was £3,785, so divided as to purchase one hundred and sixteen works, of which the highest prize, 'The Defence of Lathom House, 1644,' by G. D. Leslie, is valued at £200. The particular incident described is the "fishing" of the royal standard on the battlements, after the flagstaff had been injured by the shot of the besiegers. The other principal prizes are two of £150 each, three of £100 each, and five of £75 each. 'Innocence' (£150), by J. J. Hill, is a life-sized group of a mother and child, extremely bright in colour and agreeable in character, with more earnestness and solidity than we have before remarked in Mr. Hill's works. 'The Thorn' (£150), by E. J. Cobbett, is a company of rustic figures, with an open background; 'Lochaber no more' (£100), by W. H. Paton, is a Highland landscape closed by lofty mountains, wherein the sentiment of the verse is fittingly sustained. Another prize of £100 is 'Eastern Life,' by W. Gale, a small picture showing a woman and a boy habited in accordance with the title, very conscientiously worked out, and remarkable for force of colour. The third selection made as a prize of £100 is a drawing by C. Vacher, called 'Tombs of the Mamelooks, with the Pyramids of Memphis in the distance,' and describing a portion of the Desert south of Cairo. Of this view it may be said that it has more of local reality than some of the recent drawings of Mr. Vacher, which impress us as exaggerated in colour. The five prizes of the value of £75 are—'Town and Vale of Ffestiniog, North Wales,' E. J. Niemann; 'Grace before Meat,' W. Hemaley, a picture much larger than this artist habitually paints; 'An Old French Fishing Town,' J. J. Wilson; 'Dysart, Scotland—East Coast,' J. Danby, a view of the old tower and landing-place, with a charming effect of sunshine; and a large drawing by P. J. Naftel, called 'Sunset after a Storm, Grande Roque, Guernsey.' It is observable that from the catalogued prices of some of the works selected, great reductions have been made by the artists; as, for instance, 'Eastern Life,' the price of which was £168, was purchased for £100; 'Mother and Child,' J. Collinson, priced at £75, was purchased for £25; 'At Havre—a Boulogne Trawler running in,' J. J. Wilson, £90, became a prize of £60; and others, descending the scale until the differences become unimportant.

The Society has this year made an experiment which we believe has answered its best expectations, and which will, if continued and improved upon, materially advance the interests of good Art. In order to secure creditable works, and assist the judgment of prizeholders, half a dozen pictures were at once purchased by the Society and offered to prizeholders optionally, and without the slightest desire to limit their selection, but only with the view of securing more meritorious prizes. The system even in a first experiment has, we

believe, been so far successful as to justify its continuance; and it is to be regretted that something of this kind has not been done before; for every year, since the establishment of the Society, selections so ill-advised have been made by prizeholders, as to give positive pain to all judges of Fine Art, and, certainly, to none more than the directors of the Art-Union.

The pictures purchased by the Society are—'A Calm,' C. Dommeron, £20; 'Morning, Noon, and Night,' H. S. Rose, £25; 'Horses and Poultry,' J. F. Herring, £20; 'Reaping,' G. Cole, £60; 'The Brook,' G. A. Williams, £15; and 'Old Mills—Dordrecht,' R. H. Wood, £15—a selection which has met the approbation of prizeholders in so far as at once to have been accepted by them. Hence, it is to be hoped that a more extensive purchase will be made next season.

In addition to the pictures, there were distributed also as prizes 100 'Psyche' vases, 100 busts in porcelain of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from the original by Morton Edwards; 75 statuettes in porcelain, 'Go to Sleep,' from the original by Joseph Durham; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England'; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Wild Roses'; and 150 volumes of etchings by R. Brandt—making, with the Pariian busts presented to those who have subscribed for ten years without gaining a prize, 1,091 prizes, in addition to the engraving received by every member.

One of the two pieces of plate presented by the Society to the honorary secretaries, Mr. Godwin and Mr. Pocock, is conspicuously, and deservedly so, the centre-piece of the exhibition. It consists of a small group, in oxidised silver, of 'Wisdom encouraging Genius,' mounted on a round ebony pedestal, whence are thrown out four solid branches, also of ebony, each supporting a silver tazza. The group was designed by Mr. Woodington—a sufficient guarantee for its grace and beauty. In continuation of the series of medals commemorative of artists, the council has determined on the production of one in honour of the late David Roberts, R.A. Those already issued are now fifteen in number, and they commemorate five painters, four sculptors, five architects, and one medallist. Among the other branches to which the council is extending its patronage is *repoussé* work; the example in this case has been copied by means of the electrotype process—the original being the production of Mr. Barkentin, by whom, we believe, the reproductions are worked upon after removal from the mould. The most attractive feature of the exhibition is Maciße's 'Story of the Norman Conquest,' consisting of forty-two plates; to a copy of which every subscriber of one guinea will be entitled at the next distribution, in addition to the chance of another prize. We know not the cost at which this great work has thus been brought forward, but it would be cheap at even six times the small sum for which it will become the property of subscribers. In looking through these plates we are once more reminded of the unweary research with which Mr. Maciße enters upon every historical theme that he undertakes. His principal resource here seems to have been the Bayeux tapestry, as is acknowledged by several passages—perhaps none more striking than the mounted figure of Harold holding his hawk on his wrist. The subjects are not so full of accessory as are some of the artist's earlier pictures, such as 'Alfred in the Danish Camp,' the banquet scene in *Macbeth*, 'The Marriage of Eva and Strongbow,' and others; and although he may have been obliged to coerce his exuberant fancy where he was left without authority, there is enough to prove a learning equal to the realisation of these engravings as grand pictures. At this distance of time, we can look back on the events forming the subject of the work through the leaven of the dramatic by which they are in some degree characterised, and without which not a little of the charm they possess would be absent. They are so much the better that they are not made out with that rigid precision of drawing with which we all know the artist could have rendered them. The story begins with 'Harold, departing on a visit to William of Normandy, takes leave of Edward the Confessor,' and terminates with 'The discovery of the body of Harold by Edith after the

disastrous Battle of Hastings.' This we think the most important work the Art-Union has yet offered to the public; and it is much to be regretted that such compositions should not be executed as mural paintings. That the issue of this publication by the Society ought largely to increase the number of its subscribers no one will deny; that it will confer credit on the Council for selecting so noble a work for public circulation is self-evident.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BERLIN.—It is expected that Kaulbach will shortly complete the series of frescoes in the "new" museum of this city, on which he has been engaged very many years.—A new National Museum is to be erected in the rear of that just spoken of.

MUNICH.—Statues of the deceased architects, Von Gärtnar and Von Klenze, are to be erected in this city, at the cost of the ex-king Ludwig. The sculptor of the former is Brugger, and of the latter, Professor Widmann.—A mausoleum for the body of the late monarch, Maximilian, is entrusted for execution to the architect Riedel. It is to be placed in the church of the Theatines.

PARIS.—The bronze manufacturers of this city appear determined to maintain the supremacy of their works over those of all other countries. To this end they have announced a competition among the artists and artisans in their employ: the successful candidates are to receive prizes in the form of medals, money, and "honourable mentions." Sculptors and ornamental modellers will be entitled to money prizes of 800 francs each; chasers, 1,600 francs; designers, 500 francs; founders, 600 francs; turners, 400 francs; and mounters, 300 francs.—A most interesting discovery has been made in that part of the Place du Carrousel which is cut off by railings to form the Court of Honour of the Tuilleries, and where excavations have been made with a view to the construction of new works. In the course of their operations the workmen met with a construction in brick that turned out to be a potter's oven, and which has been declared to be that of Bernard Palissy, by M. Berty, who is engaged on a work entitled "The Historical Topography of Old Paris," of which the first volume is about to appear. M. Berty prevailed on M. Lefuel, the architect of the palace, to have the excavations continued in such a manner as to make the most of the discovery. The result was that they found large pieces of moulds of figures and of various objects and plants, evidently modelled on the natural substances. A great variety of moulds were found which are supposed to be those of the Terme that Palissy executed for the grotto he constructed for Catherine de Medicis about 1570. A dozen large moulds have been found, together with many fragments, and several pieces of enamelled earthenware, which alone, had further evidence been wanting, would have proved that Palissy (who by his contemporaries was called Master Bernard of the Tuilleries) had been there at work.

ROME.—The foundations of a temple of Jupiter have, it is reported, been discovered in the garden of the Caffarelli Palace.—The Sciarra Palace has been partially destroyed by fire; fortunately, the picture gallery, of which an account appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1861, was saved. It contains, among other fine works, Titian's 'La Bella Donna,' Raffaelle's 'Lute Player,' Caravaggio's 'Gamblers,' Leonardo da Vinci's 'Modesty and Vanity,' &c.

VENICE.—The official journal of this city has published a statement to the effect that an original painting by Raffaelle, known as the 'Madonna di Loreto,' and which has long been missing, was recently discovered in a broker's shop at Mantua, by M. Torcella, of Verona. The picture measures three feet by four feet, and, when found, was covered with a thick coat of dirt, apparently put on designedly. This has been removed, and competent judges have pronounced the work to be by Raffaelle, and in his best manner.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The season was closed, as usual, with a very brilliant "evening;" the attendance was large, and the result seemed to produce general satisfaction. The monetary produce of the exhibition this year has much exceeded that of any previous year, amounting on the whole to £13,000; while the sale of pictures (so far as they can be ascertained) has been larger than heretofore. These are, indeed, the palmy days of British artists.

PICTURE ROBBERY.—Mr. E. M. Ward's portrait of Mr. Dallas, exhibited this year at the Academy under the title of 'A Philosopher,' has been stolen by a man to whom the painter had, unfortunately, given an order for its delivery at the close of the exhibition, presuming that the thief was sent by the person usually employed by Mr. Ward to remove his pictures. No tidings had been heard of it at the time of our going to press. The fact ought to be a warning to artists.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—In the month of July the prizes were distributed in the lecture-room of the Crystal Palace; the president of the society, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, having been unable to attend, the chair was taken by Mr. G. R. Ward. The report was, on the whole, satisfactory, although the number of subscribers fell somewhat short of two thousand—a fact easily accounted for, the progress of the society having been for awhile arrested by the lamented death of its founder, Mr. T. Battam, and the general election having occupied the public mind during the months when the harvest of subscribers is expected to be gathered in. Next year, we have no doubt, members will have doubled in amount; for, besides the very admirable works now for distribution, others are in preparation of great merit. As one of the speakers at the meeting observed, there need not be much sympathy for those who failed to obtain prizes, inasmuch as they had already received the full value of the guineas they subscribed. That is strangely true. A subscriber, at the time of entering his name, has about a dozen articles in ceramic Art to select from, any one of which is honestly worth a guinea, and a few years ago could not have been obtained for less than two guineas. In addition, he has the chance of a prize, and some of the prizes are of considerable "money worth." Indeed, every object issued by the society is of very great excellence, and cannot fail to do much to advance a pure taste in Art.

A STATUE of the late Sir Joseph Paxton is to be erected in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. The memorial is a right and suitable one, but Paxton's noblest monument was raised by himself, when he called into existence the palace at Sydenham: here might be inscribed what one reads on Wren's tomb in St. Paul's:—"Si quare monumentum, circumspice." Mr. B. Spence, of Rome, is spoken of as the sculptor of the statue.

THE LATE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—Many of the most interesting scenes connected with the recent volunteer matches at Wimbledon have been photographed by Mr. Vernon Heath. All the plates of the series are successful, and many of them highly so, considering the great difficulty of arranging groups and masses of men with a hope that each individual will remain perfectly still. The heath and gorse that constitute such a beautiful feature in these

photographs greatly assist the composition in many instances. Nothing can be richer in picturesque vegetation than the view called 'Glen Albyn,' a wild passage of the common so called by the London Scottish. A few of the lions of the meeting are signalled, as in Plate 25, Private Sharman, the winner of the Queen's prize; he is in the act of shooting. Again, Plate 16, 'The Horatio Ross Firing Point,' contains portraits of Mr. Peterkin, Lord Aberdeen, the Hon. James Gordon, and Mr. Wilkie; and No. 24, in 'The Running Deer,' Mr. Peterkin again appears, as if about to fire at the deer passing at a distance. In this are also portraits of Mr. Thompson (Cambridge University), Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. M'Pherson, of Cluny. Plate No. 3 is 'A Group of the London Scottish,' very full of figures, closed by tents, and showing the well-known windmill on the right. In No. 2 there is another group of the London Scottish, one of the most successful of the series. In 'Pool, five hundred yards—the danger flag,' the wind has blurred the gorse bushes, and the foreground vegetation, reducing the flags to a dark blot; but all the figures—guardsmen, volunteers, and police—are most perfectly given. In Plate 13 are shown the lines F and G close by the windmill; and in No. 22 a magnificent extent of broken foreground, with a distant view of the tents of the London Rifle Brigade, the London Scottish, and the 1st Surrey. 'The Camp from the Flagstaff,' 'The Camp of the Queen's Westminster,' and other plates, will all be particularly interesting to those whom they immediately concern; but independently of this, such a series must be popular wherever rifle shooting is practised. These plates are the first photographs we have seen of the great Wimbledon gathering, and when all the difficulties which must naturally attend the practice of the art under such circumstances are taken into account, it is matter of surprise these pictures are so successful.

CAMEOS.—The art of cutting and engraving cameos is but little practised in this country, chiefly, it may be presumed, from the prevailing idea that we have here no artists who can be put in competition with those of Rome; certain, however, it is that there exists a fashionable—and, it may be added, almost a foolish—prejudice in favour of the foreigner, for we have seen a few specimens by a young English artist, Mr. Ronca, which, for delicacy and truth of execution, sharpness and boldness of relief, could scarcely be surpassed out of the country. He exhibited three admirable examples at the Royal Academy this year, a bust of the late Prince Consort, a remarkably beautiful head of a young girl, and the helmeted head of Geraint, from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Among others shown to us we may point out one after Mr. F. M. Miller's bas-relief of Titania, and the profile portrait of a gentleman, the latter a gem of its kind. Mr. Ronca has executed two portrait busts of the Prince Consort for her Majesty, who has expressed her entire satisfaction with his work; and he has more recently completed a portrait of General Sir James Chatterton, K.H. We feel assured the artist has only to be widely known to find ample employment in his beautiful art.

MUCKROSS ABBEY AND LAKE is the title given to a large chromo-lithograph, by Messrs. Hanhart, from a drawing by Mr. J. C. Reed, and recently published by Messrs. Shaw and Sons, of Nottingham. It is a passage of noble landscape; the Torc and other mountains rise boldly up, in varied forms and elevations, from the sur-

face of the lake, stretching themselves out into the far distance. The foreground is an expanse of park-like scenery, in which stands a mansion—Muckross House, the residence of — Herbert, Esq.—backed by an extent of low wooded ground, in the form of a promontory shooting itself forward into the water. But the abbey is not visible; the title of the print is therefore a misnomer. As a picture, however, it may not be less valued, for it is a beautiful subject cleverly rendered, the sky and mountains especially so.

A "CITY EXHIBITION" of pictures and drawings has been opened at No. 10, Fenchurch Street, under the direction of Messrs. Moore, McQuean, & Co., and consisting entirely of works recently painted. As in all similar collections, a considerable proportion is familiar to us; but there are also very many which we here see for the first time. In order to afford an idea of what the exhibition consists, it is enough to say there are distributed through the room pictures and drawings by E. M. Ward, R.A.; D. MacIise, R.A.; F. Goodall, R.A.; J. Gilbert, Geo. Smith, R. Ansdell, A.R.A.; Holman Hunt, W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.; H. O'Neil, A.R.A.; T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; P. H. Calderon, A.R.A.; T. Creswick, R.A.; J. D. Luard, G. Stanfield, J. B. Pyne, W. Linnell, J. H. S. Mann, Müller, Hering, Jutsum, &c. Among the foreign artists represented are:—Verboekhoeven, Grönland, T. Frère, Lambinet, Trayer, Troyon, &c.; these foreign pictures generally are small, having been worked out with that assiduity which never halts until the utmost superficial finish has been achieved, a result to which small paintings owe in a great measure their popularity. Mr. Ward's picture is a reduced *replica* of 'The Execution of Montrose,' one of the frescoes in the corridor of the House of Commons, which has been described more than once in these columns. That by Holman Hunt is a small study of 'The Light of the World;' the two by Santare pendants, 'Tragedy' and 'Comedy,' those by MacIise are 'The Scotch Lovers' and 'The Ballad Singer'; H. O'Neil, 'The Two Extremes'; Ansdell, 'Seville,' being a distant view of the city, with near groups of figures and animals. 'The Mill Stream,' by Creswick, would afford a text for a chapter on the works of this painter, differing so materially as it does from everything that he has produced of late years. The subject is unpretending, but it is rendered with an exaltation of feeling equal to that of Claude. Two pictures by Linnell, sen., called Italian landscapes, also differ in aspiration from the recent works of this painter. They present mountainous scenery, with wild, Salvator-like figures; one is especially rich in colour; the recurrence of red is perhaps too frequent. Two drawings by Carl Werner, 'The Cave of Jeremiah,' and 'Jacob's Well,' are very attractive. There are also 'Return from Church,' by Redgrave; 'A Glimpse of the Sea,' James T. Linnell; 'The Cottage Door,' F. Goodall, R.A.; 'The Shipwreck,' T. Brooks; 'Capri,' J. B. Pyne; 'Wood Scene,' Müller; 'Lake of Genoa,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'As fresh water to a thirsty soul,' so is good news from a far country, J. Geo. Smith; 'Town' and 'Country,' J. H. S. Mann; 'Landscape,' G. E. Hering, &c.; and a variety of water-colour drawings by G. Gilbert, H. Tidey, F. W. Topham, Geo. Chambers, Birket Forster, W. Hunt, J. E. Millais, Carl Werner, D. Hardy, E. Goodall, &c.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—A cast of the famous marble pulpit in the Baptistry at

Pisa, by Nicolo Pisano, is now being erected at South Kensington. It is hexagonal, supported on eight columns, the subjects on the panels being 'The Nativity,' 'The Adoration of the Magi,' 'The Presentation,' 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Last Judgment.' The sixth side will be occupied by the door, approached by a small flight of stairs, the enrichments of which correspond with the carvings of the pulpit, but casts of the staircase have not yet been procured. The portions of the circular pulpit, by Giovanni Pisano, located in the museum some time ago, have been already described by us. It is intended to procure the portions of this great work necessary to its completion, and place it opposite, and as a pendant, to the other. The circular pulpit was reported to have been destroyed in the fire that occurred in October, 1596, but it was discovered afterwards in the vaults of the cathedral. In the great court of the museum, the upper panels are being gradually filled with ideal portraits of painters; there still remain eight unappropriated. Giorgione is one of the last impersonations placed, but the artist has fallen into the error of painting the figure on a scale so low, that against the gold background the detail is entirely lost; thus, from the floor of the hall the figure appears holding something in his left hand, but it cannot be determined what it is. In reference to others of these figures we have had occasion to make the like remark; but in order to show that the observation is not unreasonable, examples could be instanced that are charming in colour, brilliant in effect, and perfect in detail. The figure of N. Pisano has been completed by Salviati in mosaic, the only one in this material.—'The Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur, about the absence of which from the collection so much has been said, is now in the gallery.—By the permission of Sir R. N. C. Hamilton there has been recently placed in the Indian Court a collection of Indian jewellery, consisting of ear-rings, toe-rings, armlets, anklets, necklaces, finger-rings, many of massive gold and richly ornamented, but generally coarse in workmanship, and many having the appearance of having been transmitted as heir-looms for centuries.

MRS. TREADWIN, of Exeter, has long established a high reputation as a maker of "Honiton lace;" it is so called, although Honiton is by no means the only place in Devonshire where it is produced. The engravings of this fabric we gave, in 1862, supplied ample evidence of the improvement it has undergone, in so far, that is to say, as Art is concerned; and we presume we may attribute some part of such improvement to the influence of the government school, which flourishes in Exeter better than elsewhere. Of the engravings referred to, several were those of Mrs. Treadwin; she has very recently produced a work that surpasses, not only in delicacy and beauty, but also in design, any that has hitherto issued from her establishment. It is a "corporal," to cover the sacramental bread and wine. Amid a border of vine leaves and wheat ears are introduced the sacred emblems—the lamb, the dove, the pelican, the trefoil, the crown of thorns, the monogram, the cross, &c. It is impossible to describe, and by no means easy to do justice to, this very graceful and beautiful example of refined workmanship.

A MODEL OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE has been presented by Mr. Tite, M.P., architect of the building, to University College, for the use of the students in the architectural classes.

REVIEWS.

POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. 2 vols. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

From the fields of philosophical inquiry and the domains of scientific investigation we find, in these volumes, Mr. Hunt wandering in a region whose laws, if laws it has, altogether defy philosophy, science, and reason. "Folk-lore," as it is called, has not yet entirely passed away from much of the rural life of England, though it is gradually leaving even the most remote districts of the country where it had taken deeper and more abiding root. "Those wild dreams which swayed with irresistible force the skin-clad Briton of the Cornish hills, have not yet entirely lost their power where even the National and the British Schools are busy with the people, and Mechanics' Institutions are diffusing the truths of Science. In the infancy of the race, terror was the ruling power; in the maturity of the people, the dark shadow still sometimes rises like a spectre, partially eclipsing the mild radiance of that Christian truth which shines upon the land." And it is not alone among the half-taught or wholly uneducated that popular traditions and strange superstitions find credence: they have believers in some who haunt the crowded city and are learned in the world's wisdom. It is not every one who can apply to himself the lines of Crabbe:—

"But lost, for ever lost, to me, those joys
Which reason scatters and which time destroys!
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew;
E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain—
The churchyard ghost—is now at rest again."

And this determined tenacity of the mind to hold to its credulity can only, we think, be satisfactorily accounted for on Mr. Hunt's theory. He says, "those things which make a strong impression on the mind of the child are rarely obliterated by the education through which he advances to maturity, and they exert their influences upon the man in advanced age. A tale of terror, related by an ignorant nurse, rivets the attention of an infant mind, and its details are engraven on the memory. The 'bogle,' or 'boogie,' with which the child is terrified into quiet by some thoughtless servant, remains a dim and unpleasant reality to shake the nerves of a philosopher. Things like these,—seeing that existence is surrounded by clouds of mystery,—become a Power which will, ever and anon through life, exert considerable influence over our actions."

Mr. Hunt is, we believe, a Cornish man; or if not a native of the county, the days of his boyhood and youth, with many years of later life, were passed there; and he dates this collection of Popular Romances from his early childhood, when the legends he read and heard related fixed themselves on his memory. Many years back, a short residence on the borders of Dartmoor placed him in the centre of a circle of persons who believed "there were giants on the earth in those days" to which the "old people" belonged; and who were convinced that to turn a coat-sleeve, or a stocking, prevented the *piskies* from misleading man or woman. This circumstance caused a renewal of his acquaintance with the wild tales of Cornwall which had either terrified or amused him when a child; and, being at leisure, he determined to make a journey into the weird land for the purpose of gathering up every existing story of its ancient people. Several months were thus occupied, during which a large number of the romances and superstitions which he now publishes were collected. Subsequent opportunities arose in after-life for gaining additional information on the subject—opportunities afforded by his residence in Cornwall; and by his frequent visits there, in his official capacity of Keeper of the Mining Records of the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. "Seated," he says, "on a three-legged stool, or in a 'timberen settle,' near the blazing heath-fire on the hearth, have I elicited the old stories of which the people

were beginning to be ashamed. Resting in a level, after the toil of climbing from the depths of a mine, in close companionship with the homely miner, his superstitions and the tales he had heard from his grandfather have been confided to me." It is evident, therefore, that from childhood to mature years, Mr. Hunt has had constant and unusual opportunities of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the legendary history of the westernmost part of our island.

We can do little more than point out the plan on which his materials are arranged. The first volume, or series, as he terms it, includes tales of the giants, the fairies, the mermaids, rocks, lost cities, fire-worship, demons, and spectres, &c. The second records stories and legends of the saints, holy wells, King Arthur, sorcery and witchcraft, the miners, fishermen and sailors, death superstitions, old usages, popular superstitions, and miscellaneous stories. By adopting this arrangement, all such tales as seem to belong to the most ancient inhabitants of these islands are brought into the first series. "It is true that many of them, as they are now told, assume a mediæval, or even a modern, character. This is the natural result of the passage of a tradition from one generation to another. The customs of the age in which the story is told are interpolated—for the purpose of rendering them intelligible to the listeners—and thus they are constantly changing their exterior form." Mr. Hunt is "disposed to believe that the spirit of all the romances included in this series shows them to have originated before the Christian era; while the romances recorded in the second volume belong certainly to the historic period, though the dates of many of them are exceedingly problematical."

Our readers should make the acquaintance of these curious and most entertaining volumes, from which, had we space, many amusing fragments might be gathered into our columns. It is well that such writers as Campbell in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," Mrs. Bray in her "Traditions, Legends, and Superstitions of Devonshire," Hugh Miller in his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," Mr. J. O. Halliwell in his "Wanderings in the Footsteps of the Giants," Crofton Croker in his "Fairy Legends of Ireland," and Mr. Hunt in the volumes now before us,—as well as other authors, whose names and works might be associated with these,—have preserved some waifs and strays of story that are almost lost in the darkness of ages, and which were rapidly dying out with those who told them. The "march of intellect" has for the most part scattered, if not entirely driven away, the belief in these old-world tales, many of them beautiful and of "good report;" yet the evidences by which they were supported remain with us to this day amid the boulders and frowning heights of gigantic rocks, the wild and desolate moor, and the moss-covered fountain in the valley, half-hidden among prickly bramble, and creeping woodbine.

LAST WINTER IN ROME. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

A book of very pleasant gossip about Rome in its social character, rather than in any other, though the antiquities and Art-works of the city have not been altogether forgotten. Mr. Weld is fortunate enough to meet with comfortable quarters—not free, however—in the mansion of a Roman noble and an officer of the *Guardia Nobile*, through whose introduction he has opportunities of seeing and hearing much which would be closed against the majority of visitors; and as he appears to have kept eyes and ears both well open, and is gifted with a light and agreeable manner of describing his "experiences," his story of modern Rome is highly amusing as well as instructive, while he takes a liberal and unprejudiced view of what goes on around him, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." Speaking of hunting in the Roman Campagna, he says it is the great day amusement of the English during winter, "not that many follow the hounds on horseback, but

the meet is always numerously attended. And very pretty is the sight on a bright day in winter, when the Alban hills, crested with snow, stand out against the deep blue sky, and the air is delightfully bracing—to see the gathering of healthy English faces, the girls with nature's roses on their cheeks, at a meet in the Campagna. The distance from Rome is generally sufficiently near to enable pedestrians to be present, and several visitors attend in carriages."

"A well-known figure at the Roman hunt is that of Miss Hosmer, the clever American sculptor, who rides so well that it is a pity the Campagna has no stiff fences to try her prowess. Gibson, who is a great friend of Miss Hosmer, is reported to have said to her, 'You will never excel in your profession if you hunt so much.' 'Mr. Gibson,' was her reply, 'if you could ride as well as I do, you would hunt too.' I am not at all sure that the great sculptor would be tempted, rode he ever so well, to turn Nimrod now, or to leave his studio for the fairest scene in the Campagna; but, notwithstanding his remark to Miss Hosmer, most persons will agree that she is quite right to hunt, and that her skill"—as a sculptor we presume the author means—"is not at all likely to suffer by this wholesome exercise."

With this little bit of artistic gossip—selected as especially appropriate to our pages—we take leave of Mr. Weld's book, which, by the way, may be recommended for its useful information to any who intend visiting Rome, while it will afford a few hours' agreeable reading to those of us who stay at home.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CLARE. By FREDERICK MARTIN. Published by MACMILLAN AND CO., London and Cambridge.

It is well for some literary men of a past age that they are followed by others able to appreciate their genius, and unwilling to allow it to fade from public memory. Were it not so, the new lights would extinguish the old, and the world would know little or nothing of the stars that once shone in the firmament. There is a great tendency in our day to overlook or forget what was done before it, and men who were "of mark," caressed, flattered, and patronised by their contemporaries, are too apt to be "pushed from their stools" of fame by the generation which comes after them. But then comes an admirer, like Mr. Martin in the case of Clare, the "Northamptonshire Poet," to recall the dead man to life in a biographical record.

And, notwithstanding the episodes that sadden Clare's history, and, above all, its melancholy termination, a very interesting memoir has Mr. Martin written from the materials at his command. The ploughman and lime-burner of Helpston hewed out for himself a name among the sons of genius, but it was done through much vicissitude, many disappointments, and great infirmity. Clare acquired the cognomen of the "English Burns." "There was no limit," we are told, "to the applause bestowed upon him. Rossini set his verses to music; Madame Vestris recited them before crowded audiences; William Gifford sang his praises in the *Quarterly Review*; and all the critical journals, reviews, and magazines of the day were unanimous in their admiration of poetical genius coming before them in the humble garb of a farm labourer." Yet what did all this result in? Neglect, poverty, suffering, and—death in a lunatic asylum. It is a very old tale, no doubt, in the remark of his biographer, but which may bear being told once more, brimful as it is of human interest; and, he might have added, of warning also.

Such stories are far more useful—or ought to be—than those told by the novelist: they are facts. The *dramatis personae* are not the representatives of others, their words and deeds are their own; the scenery is the actual world, and when the curtain drops on the last act of life's play—which, in Clare's case, proved a sad tragedy—we know that we have been in the company of others than the creatures of a writer's imagination. Keats, and Chatterton, and John Clare, dissimilar as were their intellectual powers, form a bright triumvirate who perished at the shrine of poetical genius.

THE HISTORY OF PLAYING CARDS; with Anecdotes of their use in Conjuring, Fortune-telling, and Card-sharping. Edited by the late E. S. TAYLOR, B.A. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Perhaps few card-players imagine that ponderous volumes have been compiled by learned authors on the history of their favourite game. Many of them are perfectly unreadable by the heavy amount of labour too visible on their surface. Such are the treatises of Breitkopf, the German, and our own Singer; both must be read as solemn and severe tasks. It is well, then, to get a little volume that shall contain the gist of their erudite researches, combined with anecdote and descriptions of card-players, and card-playing, ancient and modern; as well as expositions of tricks used in conjuring and card-sharping. The author is inclined to ascribe the introduction into Europe of cards to the gipsy tribe, in the fourteenth century. It is certain that their origin, like that of the gypsies themselves, is involved in an obscurity which no research has hitherto been able to dispel. Their rapid spread, and the great variety of forms they assumed, and of games in which they formed a part, is matter of more certain history, and has been well told by the author of this volume, which is abundantly illustrated by very many engravings of cards of all ages and countries. Some of them are exceedingly curious, and card-players who adhere to old favourites will be amused with the variety and curiosity of many engraved and described. Some were used not only to teach geography and heraldry, but to mark popular events and temporary political excitement. The anecdotes of play and players at home and abroad are also very abundant and curious; indeed, the book merits warm commendation.

ELSIE; FLIGHTS TO FAIRYLAND, &c. By J. CRAWFORD WILSON, Author of "Jonathan Oldaker," "Gitanilla," &c. Published by E. MOXON & CO., London.

In spite of ours being, as most men aver, a prosaic age, there are people who write poetry, and publish it too; it is, therefore, only fair to presume there are also people who read poetry, or we should not find so many books of this sort of composition in print. But it requires a genius far above the level to bring a poet into anything like popular notice, and if Mr. Wilson's "Elsie" and other poems do not mark him as in the possession of this exalted gift, they prove him to be a writer of refined taste and no inconsiderable powers. "Elsie" is a sad story, told with much pathos, and in verse that reads smoothly and pleasantly. Mary, the "outcast," who finds and befriends her, is a well-drawn character, and, we believe, not entirely without its type in the streets of London, improbable as it may seem. "Flights to Fairyland" are of a different order, light and occasionally humorous, abounding with many pretty descriptions. These appeared a few years ago in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Among the shorter pieces are several which are most creditable to Mr. Wilson's muse.

FRANCIS SPIRA, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Published by E. MOXON, London.

These poems are evidence of matured taste and of refined judgment. They may not be popular, for they deal, for the most part, with themes that are not "taking;" but they will receive the approval of "the few" to whom they are obviously addressed, and whose "applause" is ever worth striving for. The style is sound and healthy, manifesting intimacy with the great "makers" of old times; full of fancy too, and by no means without proof of the inventive faculty. The principal poem is in blank verse, entitled "Hewn Stones;" it deals with the common things of life, and is far more sad than cheerful; yet it leads to that fountain of Life at which all who drink live. In the minor compositions, however (although even they are somewhat low in tone and sombre of hue), the writer has had more freedom; rambling more at ease in the garden where he gathers flowers.

The author, be he who he may, manifests considerable power, and takes worthy rank among the high souls whose works have for more than a quarter of a century issued from the house of his publishers.

RICHARD COBDEN, THE APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE: HIS POLITICAL CAREER AND PUBLIC SERVICES. A Biography. By JOHN McGILCHRIST. Published by LOCKWOOD AND CO., London.

In noticing this biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of our age, we are not called upon to pronounce an opinion of his public life and policy. In the page of recent history—not merely that of our own country only, for the whole civilised world has been affected by his words and deeds—the name of Richard Cobden must always occupy a prominent position. The chief events of his life are given by Mr. McGilchrist at sufficient length, the "Corn Law" agitation and its results filling no inconsiderable portion of the small volume, as they formed, in conjunction with Free Trade generally, the leading idea of Cobden's mind, and the great incentive to almost the whole of his career. He has found an ardent admirer and warm partisan in his biographer, whose book, however, is little more than a *résumé* of what has appeared in the various public journals advocating Free Trade principles during the last quarter of a century.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF UTTOXETER; with Notices of Places in its neighbourhood. By FRANCIS REDFERN. Published by J. RUSSELL SMITH, London.

The old town of Uttoxeter might, it may reasonably be presumed, have found a writer to do more justice to it than Mr. Redfern has done. He apologises, however, for its defects by speaking of himself as a person who is neither "devoted to a literary calling, or living in worldly ease. Being employed, as I am, at a mechanical trade, I have been able to devote but very little time to its compilation, except at nights, after the suspension of labour." But if men so circumstanced will "rush into print"—and we would not, as a rule, cast blame upon them for so doing, when they have anything worth writing about, and are capable of saying it—they should, at least, submit their proof-sheets to some one capable of correcting their errors. This book is full of them: on one page alone (218), we find a French ship called "A Raisable," Belleisle is printed Bellesiale, and Marshal de Conflans appears as de Covflans. Such mistakes as these render any work absolutely valueless, whatever else appears in it of a commendable character.

DIEPPE: the Route by Newhaven. Published by L. BOORN, London; H. AND C. TREACHER, Brighton; A. MARAIS, Dieppe.

Not only as an agreeable and salubrious watering-place, but also as a "rest by the way" for travellers to Paris and other continental cities, Dieppe has of late years been much frequented by our countrymen, as well as by others from most parts of the world during the "season." Though this little "guide" has come into our hands at the time of year when, it may be presumed, the majority of those who are permitted to enjoy a little sea-side recreation have started on their journey, still it may not be too late to recommend it to some. It has evidently been compiled for the especial use of us English, for it contains a concise description of the town, its suburbs, and most interesting historic sites, together with much suitable advice to travellers, and—for those who are unacquainted with the French language—a vocabulary of such phrases and words as would be most requisite for a stranger to know when temporarily sojourning there. It is a short and pleasant trip across the Channel from Brighton, or rather Newhaven, to Dieppe; and when there the traveller will find much to amuse and interest him in the town and its vicinity, all of which are clearly set forth in the pages of this unpretending guide-book; while many of the most prominent objects appear in the form of illustrations.

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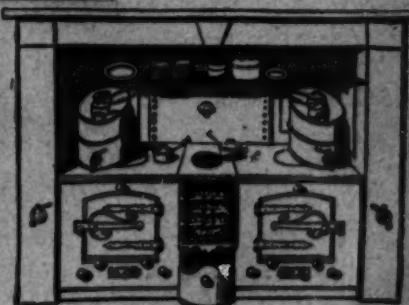
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